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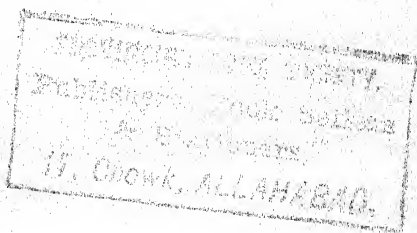
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THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

TORONTO

A
VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY
FOR SCHOOLS

EDITED BY
M. P. HANSEN, M.A., LL.B.



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PREFACE

THROUGHOUT this book of selections an endeavour has been made to follow modern tendencies in the teaching of English literature in secondary schools. The variety of subject matter provided in Section I. should aid in the development of the appreciation of good literature by students, a development which must precede any worthy creative work. Only such "notes" are given as appeared to the editor to be absolutely necessary, and they are brief. Annotation for the purpose of grammatical or philological instruction has been avoided, very little literary criticism is given, and it is taken for granted that easy historical references will be known.

Explanations of such words as are found in a pupil's small dictionary are not given except in such cases where the correct meaning of a passage is not easily got even with such aid.

It is hoped that the lists of aids for further study both for students and for teachers will be found helpful.

In making the selections, the object was to provide in Section I. a variety of subjects interesting to pupils, while unity of subject matter will be found in Section II.

Experience has shown that patriotic, dramatic, and lyric poems find most favour with students in secon-

dary schools: in the prose selections will be found examples of the letter, oration, description, narration, exposition, and style with a corresponding variety of subject matter. Literature teaching, which concerns itself chiefly with the fact values of the selections and with the intellectual comprehension of allusions and explanations, misses the highest aim. Literature should be studied from the view point of art, and the main objective should be spiritual sympathetic insight and emotional understanding.

I have pleasure in acknowledging my indebtedness to the following authors and publishers for permission to make use of copyright material:—Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., for the poems "The Flag of England" and "The Young Queen"; Mr. Henry Newbolt for the poems "Craven," "Admiral Death," and "Clifton Chapel," from his *Collected Poems, 1897-1907* (Messrs. Nelson & Sons); Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. for Robert Browning's "Epilogue to Asolando," and a passage from *The Upton Letters*, by Mr. A. C. Benson; Mr. David Nutt for four poems by the late W. E. Henley; Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for Tennyson's poems "To Virgil" and "Crossing the Bar," and for passages from Avebury's *Beauties of Nature* and *The Use of Life*, Lord Morley's *Studies in Literature*, Mr. Frederic Harrison's *The Choice of Books*, and Thring's *Education and School*; Messrs. Angus & Robertson, Ltd., for the poem "Star of Australasia," by Henry Lawson; the Editor of the *Geelong Grammar School Quarterly* for three poems by the late J. Lister Cuthbertson; and Messrs. George Robertson & Co. for a poem by H. C. Kendall.

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The following poems should be committed to memory :

<i>Tennyson.</i>	Three Songs and Crossing the Bar.
<i>Browning.</i>	Prospice.
<i>Kipling.</i>	Flag of England.
<i>Henley.</i>	England.
<i>Newbolt.</i>	Clifton Chapel.
<i>Cuthbertson.</i>	Sunrise.

SECTION I

LITERARY SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE

TENNYSON

I.—Locksley Hall

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early
morn :

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon
the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews
call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locks-
ley Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy
tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went
to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the
West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow
shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver
braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth
sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of
Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land
reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that
it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could
see; 15
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's
breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another
crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd
dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love. 20

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be
for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observ-
ance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the
truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to
thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a
light, 25

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern
night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden
storm of sighs—

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel
eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should
do me wrong ;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin ?" weeping, "I have
loved thee long." 30

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his
glowing hands ;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
chords with might ;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the
copses ring, 35

And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness
of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the
stately ships,

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the
lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no
more!

O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren
shore! 40

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs
have sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish
tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—
to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart
than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by
day, 45

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise
with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with
a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have weight to
drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent
its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his
horse. 50

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are
glazed with wine.

Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in
thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is over-
wrought :

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy
lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to under-
stand—

55

Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with
my hand !

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's
disgrace,

Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength
of youth !

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living
truth !

60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule !

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead
of the fool !

Well—'tis well that I should bluster !—Hadst thou
less unworthy proved—

Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever
wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but
bitter fruit ?

65

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at
the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years
should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging
rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the
mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew
her, kind? 70

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak
and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to
love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love
she bore?
No—she never loved me truly: love is love for ever-
more.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the
poet sings, 75
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart
be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on
the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring
at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows
rise and fall. 80

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his
drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that
thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the
phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of
thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness
on thy pain. 85
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy
rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice
will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble
dry

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings
thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the
mother's breast. 90

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not
his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the
two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty
part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart.

“They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself
was not exempt— 95
Truly, she herself had suffer’d”—Perish in thy self-
contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I
care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by
despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon
days like these?

Every door is barr’d with gold, and opens but to
golden keys. 100

Every gate is throng’d with suitors, all the markets
overflow.

I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I
should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman’s
ground,

When the ranks are roll’d in vapour, and the winds
are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels, 105

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other’s heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier
page.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous
Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the
strife,

When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of
my life; 110

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn,

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a
dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him
then, 115

Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs
of men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping some-
thing new:

That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see,

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be; 120

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd
a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm, 125
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-
flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
law. 130

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left
me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the
jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out
of joint:
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from
point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping
nigher, 135
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-
dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose
runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process
of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his
youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a
boy's ? 140

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on
the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and
more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a
laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of
his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the
bugle-horn, 145
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for
their scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd
string ?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so
slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a
shallower brain : 150

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd
with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto
wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for
some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began
to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-
starr'd;— 155
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's
ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far
away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the
day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy
skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of
Paradise. 160

Never comes the trader, never floats an European
flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the
trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-
fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of
sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this
march of mind, 165
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that
shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope
and breathing space ;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my
dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they
shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances
in the sun ; 170

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows
of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable
books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my
words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the
Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious
gains, 175
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with
lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or
clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of
time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by
one,

Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's
moon in Ajalon! 180

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward
let us range,

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the
younger day:

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when
life begun: 185

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings,
weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy
yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley
Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the
roof-tree fall. 190

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath
and holt,

Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a
thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire
or snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

II.—Break, Break, Break

BREAK, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy, 5
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on 10
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
Will never come back to me.

III.—The Splendour Falls

(BUGLE SONG)

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing ! 10
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
 O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

IV.—The Bells

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
 Ring out the old, ring in the new, 5
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ; 10
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.
 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life, 15
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in. 20

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ; 25
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ; 30
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

V.—The Knight's Oath

FOR when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
 To reverence the King, as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ, 15
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
 To honour his own word as if his God's,
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her, 20
 And worship her by years of noble deeds,
 Until they won her; for indeed I knew
 Of no more subtle master under heaven
 Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
 Not only to keep down the base in man, 25
 But teach high thought, and amiable words
 And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
 And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

VI.—Crossing the Bar

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep, 5
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.
 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark! 10
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

15

DICKENS

FROM "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

VII.—The Shipwreck

HE went round to the coach-office, at my request, and took the box-seat for me on the mail. In the evening I started, by that conveyance, down the road I had traversed under so many vicissitudes.

"Don't you think that," I asked the coachman, in the first stage out of London, "a very remarkable sky? I don't remember to have seen one like it."

"Nor I—not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."

10

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an

20

extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and blew hard.

But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and
5 densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short),
10 the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm, like showers of steel; and, at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee
15 walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or
20 anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys.
25 Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower, and flung into a bye-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighbouring
30 villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over 5 miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals 10 above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night. 15

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the 20 beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back. 25

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking 30 their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children, huddling together, and peering into

older faces ; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find
5 sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the
10 receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment
15 of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to
20 hills ; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound ; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away ; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and
25 buildings, rose and fell ; the clouds fell fast and thick ; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people whom this memorable wind—for it is still remembered down
30 there, as the greatest ever known to blow upon that coast—had brought together, I made my way to his house. It was shut ; and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by back ways and bye-lanes, to the

yard where he worked. I learned, there, that he had gone to Lowestoft, to meet some sudden exigency of ship-repairing in which his skill was required ; but that he would be back to-morrow morning, in good time.

I went back to the inn ; and when I had washed 5 and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away ; and 10 that some other ships had been seen labouring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore. Mercy on them, and on all poor sailors, said he, if we had another night like the last !

I was very much depressed in spirits ; very solitary ; 15 and felt an uneasiness in Ham's not being there, disproportionate to the occasion. I was seriously affected, without knowing how much, by late events ; and my long exposure to the fierce wind had confused me. There was that jumble in my thoughts and recollections, 20 that I had lost the clear arrangement of time and distance. Thus, if I had gone out into the town, I should not have been surprised, I think, to encounter some one who I knew must be then in London. So to speak, there was in these respects a curious in- 25 attention in my mind. Yet it was busy, too, with all the remembrances the place naturally awakened ; and they were particularly distinct and vivid.

In this state, the waiter's dismal intelligence about the ships immediately connected itself, without any 30 effort of my volition, with my uneasiness about Ham. I was persuaded that I had an apprehension of his returning from Lowestoft by sea, and being lost. This

grew so strong with me, that I resolved to go back to the yard before I took my dinner, and ask the boat-builder if he thought his attempting to return by sea at all likely? If he gave me the least reason to think
5 so, I would go over to Lowestoft and prevent it by bringing him with me.

I hastily ordered my dinner, and went back to the yard. I was none too soon; for the boat-builder, with a lantern in his hand, was locking the yard-gate. He
10 quite laughed when I asked him the question, and said there was no fear; no man in his senses, or out of them, would put off in such a gale of wind, least of all Ham Peggotty, who had been born to seafaring.

So sensible of this, beforehand, that I had really felt
15 ashamed of doing what I was nevertheless impelled to do, I went back to the inn. If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that
20 sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides; and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not
25 continue steadfast to anything. Something within me, faintly answering to the storm without, tossed up the depths of my memory and made a tumult in them. Yet, in all the hurry of my thoughts, wild running with the thundering sea,—the storm and my uneasi-
30 ness regarding Ham were always in the foreground.

My dinner went away almost untasted, and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain. I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, with-

out losing my consciousness, either of the uproar out of doors, or of the place in which I was. Both became overshadowed by a new and indefinable horror; and when I awoke—or rather when I shook off the lethargy that bound me in my chair—my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear.

I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful noises: looked at faces, scenes and figures in the fire. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

It was reassuring, on such a night, to be told that some of the inn-servants had agreed together to sit up until morning. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but, on my lying down, all such sensations vanished, as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up several times, and looked out; but could see nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length, my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes, and went down-stairs. In the large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together, in various attitudes, about a table, purposely moved away from the great chimney, and brought near the door. A pretty girl, who had her ears stopped with her apron, and her eyes upon

the door, screamed when I appeared, supposing me to be a spirit; but the others had more presence of mind, and were glad of an addition to their company. One man, referring to the topic they had been discussing, 5 asked me whether I thought the souls of the collier-crews who had gone down, were out in the storm?

I remained there, I dare say, two hours. Once, I opened the yard-gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the seaweed, and the flakes of foam, were 10 driving by; and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, 15 and, getting into bed again, fell—off a tower, and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length, I lost that 20 feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant, that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, 25 until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

“What is the matter?” I cried.

30 “A wreck! Close by!”

I sprung out of bed, and asked, what wreck?

“A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see

her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. 5

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, 10 though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half-a-dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. 15 Every appearance it had then presented, bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling. 20

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of 25 the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet 30 from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's

pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned
5 towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea,
10 sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage
15 flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for
20 any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

25 There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards
30 the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned,

and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two 5 lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could 10 do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, 15 and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know—to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was by a sight so new to me and terrible—the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the 20 same look as I remembered in connexion with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, 25 not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast. 30

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present,

I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tan't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me
5 ready! I'm a-going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around made me stay, urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the
10 precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid
15 him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trowsers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the
20 shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a
25 singular red cap on,—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was
30 going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm

before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffetting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, 5 lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him 10 more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards 15 the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when a high, 20 green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot 25 where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—in-sensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but 30 he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned,

and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

5 "Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

10 "Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

15 But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his
20 arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

R. BROWNING

VIII.—The Patriot

AN OLD STORY

I.

It was roses, roses, all the way,

With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:

The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,

The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,

A year ago on this very day.

II.

The air broke into a mist with bells,

The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.

Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—

But give me your sun from yonder skies!"

They had answered, "And afterward, what else?" 10

III.

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun

To give it my loving friends to keep!

Nought man could do, have I left undone:

And you see my harvest, what I reap

This very day, now a year is run. 15

IV.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—

Just a palsied few at the windows set;

For the best of the sight is, all allow,

At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,

By the very scaffold's foot, I trow. 20

V.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,

A rope cuts both my wrists behind;

And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,

For they fling, whoever has a mind,

Stones at me for my year's misdeeds. 25

VI.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!

In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.

"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe

Me?"—God might question; now instead,

'Tis God shall repay; I am safer so. 30

IX.—Epilogue, to Asolando

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools think,
 imprisoned—
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
 —Pity me ? 5

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken !
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly ?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
 —Being—who ? 10

One who never turned his back but marched breast
 forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
 would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake. 15

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
 Greet the unseen with a cheer !
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
 "Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
 There as here!" 20

X.—"De Gustibus"

I.

YOUR ghost will walk, you lover of trees
 (If our loves remain),
 In an English lane,
 By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.

Hark, those two in the hazel coppice— 5
 A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
 Making love, say,—
 The happier they!
 Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
 And let them pass, as they will too soon, 10
 With the bean-flowers' boon,
 And the blackbird's tune,
 And May, and June!

II.

What I love best in all the world
 Is a castle, precipice-encurled, 15
 In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
 Or look for me, old fellow of mine
 (If I get my head from out the mouth
 O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
 And come again to the land of lands),— 20
 In a sea-side house to the farther South
 Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
 And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
 By the many hundred years red-rusted,
 Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted, 25
 My sentinel to guard the sands
 To the water's edge. For, what expands
 Before the house, but the great opaque
 Blue breadth of sea without a break?
 While, in the house, for ever crumbles 30
 Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
 From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
 A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles
 Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,

And says there's news to-day—the king 35
 Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,
 Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling :
 —She hopes they have not caught the felons.
 Italy, my Italy !
 Queen Mary's saying serves for me— 40
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her—Calais)—
 Open my heart and you will see
 Graved inside of it, "Italy."
 Such lovers old are I and she : 45
 So it always was, so shall ever be !

XI.—"How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"

I.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
 "Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts un-
 drew ;
 "Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, 5
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
 place ;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right, 10
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see; 15
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

IV.

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

V.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back 25
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. 30

VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, 35
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff; 40
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

VIII.

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight 45
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, 50
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round 55
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent. 60

XII.—Prospice

FEAR death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall, 10
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and for-
bore 15
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

XIII.—Song from “Pippa Passes”

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

THE year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn:
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world!

5

RUSKIN

XIV.—“Of Kings' Treasuries”

I WANT to speak to you about books; and about the way we read them, and could, or should read them. A grave subject, you will say; and a wide one! Yes; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education, and the answeringly wider spreading, on the levels, of the irrigation of literature. It happens that I have practically some connexion with schools for different classes of youth; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these

letters, I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a "position in life" takes above all other thoughts in the parents'—more especially in the mothers'—minds. "The education befitting such and such a *station in life*"—this is the phrase, this the 5 object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself: the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But an education "which shall keep a good coat on my son's back ;—an education which shall 10 enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors ;—education which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house ; in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life." It never seems to occur to the parents 15 that there may be an education which, in itself, is advancement in Life ; that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death ;—and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way ; 20 while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with the greatest 25 frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion—is this of "Advancement in life." My main purpose this evening is to determine, with you, what this idea practically includes, and what it should include. 30

Practically, then, at present, "advancement in life" means becoming conspicuous in life ;—obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be

respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity: the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort; especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure mortal; we call it "mortification," using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognise the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be

made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom because he believes that no one else can as well serve the state upon the throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance. 5

This, then, being the main idea of advancement in life, the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of 10 such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness. 15

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: (I do not much care which, in beginning); but I 20 must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political 25 Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity, —or what used to be called "virtue"—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, "You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not 30 assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters

out of the way of business." I begin accordingly to-night low down in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen of hands held up—the audience partly not being sure the lecturer is serious, and partly shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious—I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good: I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure for the sake of their beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our

friends may be true, and our companions wise,—and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

But, granting that we had both the will and the 5 sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we 10 would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and 15 hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in 20 our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, 25 there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle,— 30 and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it; kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and

narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourself, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them; and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us; or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes

the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for 5 all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse 10 with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling 15 in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we 20 ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or 25 newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a 30 volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story

or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is
5 essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere
10 *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has
15 something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it: so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and
20 *melodiously* if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set
25 it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small
30 human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly 5 and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those are the book. 10

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life 15 and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves 20 that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the 25 chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship 30 there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to

all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

"The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognise our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

I.—First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, “How good this is—that’s exactly what I think!” But the right feeling is, “How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day.” But whether thus 5 submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning 10 all at once:—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order 15 that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure 20 that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, 25 so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in 30 the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men’s best wisdom.

When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, 5 and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in 10 order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and 15 patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively, (I *know* I am right in this,) you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and 20 assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is 25 called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle:—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly 30 "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference

between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language 5 he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry—their 10 inter-marriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, 15 and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person: so also 20 the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain 25 degree of inferior standing for ever. And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English 30 meaning should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched, by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do

the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will
 5 do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now,—(there were never so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious “information,” or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching
 10 of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings)—there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this, or that, or the other, of
 15 things dear to them: for such words wear chamæleon cloaks—“groundlion” cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man’s fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it.

And now, merely for example’s sake, I will, with
 20 your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet nothing perhaps has been less read with sincerity. I will
 25 take these few following lines of Lycidas.

“Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
 30 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
 ‘How well could I have spar’d for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies’ sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
 Of other care they little reckoning make

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs ! 5
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw, 10
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said."

Let us think over this passage and examine its words. 15

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately ? His "mitred" locks ! Milton was no Bishop-lover ; how comes St. Peter to be "mitred ?" 20
 "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his 25 effect ? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death : only little men do that. Milton means what he says ; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying 30 of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones ; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven," quite 35

honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand him, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or
5 whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For
10 clearly, this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, "for their
15 bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

Do not think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; specially those three, and no more than those—"creep," and "intrude," and "climb;" no
20 other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First those who "*creep*" into the fold; who
25 do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "intrude" (thrust,
30 that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those

who "climb," who, by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock."

Now go on:—

"Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
Blind mouths—"

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so: its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—those of Bishop and pastor.

A Bishop means a person who sees.

A Pastor means one who feeds.

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account

of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies, of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history, 5 from childhood, of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy knocking each other's teeth out!—Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he 10 circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop, he has sought to be at the helm instead of the mast- 15 head; he has no sight of things. "Nay," you say, "it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street." What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces—you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) "the hungry sheep look up, and are 20 not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw" (bishops knowing nothing about it) "daily devours apace, and nothing said?"

"But that's not our idea of a bishop." Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul's; and it was Milton's. They may 25 be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

I go on.

"But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

30 This is to meet the vulgar answer that "if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food."

And Milton says, "They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, 5 and find out the meaning of "Spirit." It is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same word is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" and in writing, "So is every one 10 that is born of the Spirit;" born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words "*inspiration*," and "*expire*." Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled; God's breath and 15 man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual,—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed 20 up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first, and last, and fatalest sign of it is that "puffing up." Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach 25 honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in *cretinous* stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awaking to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers; 30 your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those

who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work: these are the true fog children—clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of
 5 putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with—corrupt, and corrupting,—“Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the
 10 power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in the interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of
 15 silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the
 20 prison, in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who “have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves.”

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see, and feed; and, of all who do so, it is said,
 25 “He that watereth, shall be watered also himself.” But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself; and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight,—shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as
 30 hereafter: he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, “Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out,”

issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as "the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of 10 word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading;" watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus 15 Milton thought," not "Thus I thought, in mis-reading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious 20 importance;—that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon:—in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for 25 them, in any serious matters;—no right to "think," but only to try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a singular person) you will have no legitimate right to an "opinion" on any business, except that instantly 30 under your hand. What must of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to

sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about these proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much more than "opinion" on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered;—that covetousness and love of quarrelling are dangerous dispositions even in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations;—that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones;—on these general facts you are bound to have but one, and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest, respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that, on the whole, you can know NOTHING, —judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions.

WILLIAM MORRIS

XV.—The Earthly Paradise

OF Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,

Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

5

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—
—Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

10

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

15

20

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crookèd straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

25

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show, 30
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row;

While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

35

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be ; 40
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

MACAULAY

XVI.—Trial of Warren Hastings

IN the mean time, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more
5 gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, and imaginative mind. All the
10 various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed,
15 with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the

proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the 10 ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just 15 sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid 20 courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state 25 attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the 30 tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets

and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostenta-

tion, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted 5 up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than 10 those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit 15 was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that 20 most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, 25 indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the 5 King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and 10 Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space has been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The 15 managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused 20 to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left with- 25 out the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together 30 since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his

reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable

poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in

the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

XVII.—Epitaph on a Jacobite

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honors, wealth away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime, 5
 Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Heard on Laverna Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep; 10
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting place I asked—an early grave.
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own.
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I speak like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

R. KIPLING

XVIII.—The Flag of England

Above the portico a flag-staff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.—DAILY PAPERS.

WINDS of the World, give answer! They are whimpering
to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only
England know?—

The poor little street-bred people that vapour and
fume and brag,

They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at
the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster
anew with dirt? 5

An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or
share.

What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World,
declare!

The North Wind blew:—"From Bergen my steel-shod
vanguards go;

I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko
floe; 10

By the great North Lights above me I work the will
of God,

And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills
with cod.

"I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors
with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies
came;
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down
with my blast, 15
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free ere
the spirit passed.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long
Arctic night,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the
Northern Light;
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs
to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is
there!" 20

The South Wind sighed:—"From the Virgins my
mid-sea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-
backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked
lagoon.

"Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer
keys, 25
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in
the breeze—
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English Flag
was flown.

"I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang
for a wisp on the Horn;
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and
rolled and torn; 30
I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a hope-
less sea;
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the
slave set free.

"My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the
Southern Cross.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs
to dare, 35
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is
there!"

The East Wind roared:—"From the Kuriles, the Bitter
Seas, I come,
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the
English home.

Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath of
my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your
best at Kowloon! 40

"The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas
before,

I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore!
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake she
rose,

And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with the
startled crows.

"Never the lotus closes, never the wild-fowl wake, 45
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for
England's sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag
is stayed.

"The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass
knows,

The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless
snows. 50

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun
to dare,

Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is
there!"

The West Wind called:—"In squadrons the thought-
less galleons fly

That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people
die.

They make my might their porter, they make my house
their path, 55

Till I loose my neck from their rudder and whelm
them all in my wrath.

"I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn from
the hole,

They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship bells
toll,

For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud
with my breath,

And they see strange bows above them and the two go
locked to death. 60

"But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by
dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates
away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.
"The dead dumb fog has wrapped it—the frozen dews
have kissed— 65
The naked stars have seen it, the fellow-star in the
mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it
is there!"

XIX.—The Young Queen

THE INAUGURATION OF THE COMMONWEALTH
NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1901

HER hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur was
still on her heel,
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel;
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold, and
browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode
to be crowned.

She came to the Old Queen's presence, in the Hall of
Our Thousand Years, 5
In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers
among their peers.

Royal she gave the greeting ; royal she bowed the head,
Crying—" Crown me, my Mother!" And the Old
Queen stood and said—

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose
standard flies
Where the clean surge sweeps the Leeuwin or the
coral barriers rise, 10
Blood of our foes on thy bridle, and speech of our
friends in thy mouth—
How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign
South?

"Let the Five Free Nations witness!" But the Young
Queen answered swift:—

"It shall be crown of Our crowning to hold Our crown
for a gift.

In the days when our folk were feeble thy sword made
sure Our lands: 15

Wherefore we come in power to take Our crown at
thy hands."

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the
jealous circlet prest,

Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with
the gold of the West.

Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted, alive,

And the Five-starred cross above them, for sign of the
Nations Five. 20

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of Our
Thousand Years,

In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no
peers but their peers.

And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled
down at the Old Queen's knee,
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent
years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where the
jewelled head drooped low;— 25

"Daughter no more but Sister, and doubly Daughter
so—

Mother of many princes—and child of the child I bore,
What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not
wished before?

"Shall I give thee delight in dominion—mere pride of
thy setting forth?

Nay, we be women together—we know what that lust
is worth. 30

Peace in thy utmost borders, and strength on a road
untrod?

These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of
God.

"I have swayed troublous councils, I am wise in
terrible things;

Father and son and grandson I have known the hearts
of the Kings.

Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom, or the gift
all wisdom above? 35

Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's
love:

"Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers and
vows,

Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house.

God requite thee, my Sister, through the wonderful
years to be,
And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved
me!"

40

SCOTT

IVANHOE

XX.—The Disinherited Knight

THE lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, round this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and, at the same time, setting off its splendour.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honour. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honour to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added

their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets, and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area ; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colours, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little—

“The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

30 Their escutcheons have long mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins—the place that once knew them, knows them no more—nay, many a race

since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank ! 5

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with 10 the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild Barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy 15 Land ; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the 20 challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said 25 several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger 30 incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where

they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually
5 to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers,
10 that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon
15 athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon
20 and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the
25 acclamations of the heralds and the clangour of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and
30 dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in

the lists long enough to be greeted by the applauses of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet upon the 5 whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be con- 10 siderably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the 15 same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful. One of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their 20 antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous 25 of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners. 30

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated

triumph over the honour of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my Lord," said Cedric, in a marked tone; "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée*; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée*, (to express the general conflict,) and it evinced some indifference to the honour of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred, than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his

place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming—
“Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, 5
gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!”

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights 10 and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his 15 attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers 20 concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these 25 sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His 30 suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word

Desdichado, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to

take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to 5 move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the pre-10 cautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too nearly concerned, to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a 15 proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and 20 received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the 25 arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto *Gare le Corbeau*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each 30 other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter would

terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than
5 the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock
10 had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors,
15 each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter;
20 the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

25 A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of
30 the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair

and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the 5 moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this 10 disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust. 15

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the 20 spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit 25 this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the 30 fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his 5 tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, 10 "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them, that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order 15 in which they please to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armour, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the 20 arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both Knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

25 In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque, that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his 30 companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De

Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist, without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent. 10

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honours to the Disinherited Knight. 15

W. E. HENLEY

XXI.—What have I done for you

WHAT have I done for you,

England, my England?

What is there I would not do,

England, my own?

With your glorious eyes austere,

5

As the Lord were walking near,

Whispering terrible things and dear

As the Song on your bugles blown,

England—

Round the world on your bugles blown!

10

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
 Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own ?
 When shall he rejoice agen 15
 Such a breed of mighty men
 As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown? 20

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England :
 "Take and break us : we are yours,
 England, my own !
 Life is good, and joy runs high 25
 Between English earth and sky :
 Death is death ; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown ! " 30

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England :
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own !
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys 35
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown ! 40

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord, 45
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,
There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown. 50

XXII.—Over the Hills

WHERE forlorn sunsets flare and fade
 On desolate sea and lonely sand,
Out of the silence and the shade
 What is the voice of strange command
Calling you still, as friend calls friend 5
 With love that cannot brook delay,
To rise and follow the ways that wend
 Over the hills and far away?

Hark in the city, street on street
 A roaring reach of death and life, 10
Of vortices that clash and fleet
 And ruin in appointed strife,
Hark to it calling, calling clear,
 Calling until you cannot stay
From dearer things than your own most dear, 15
 Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of the ebb-and-flow,
 Out of the sight of lamp and star,
 It calls you where the good winds blow,
 And the unchanging meadows are :
 From faded hopes and hopes agleam,
 It calls you, calls you night and day
 Beyond the dark into dream
 Over the hills and far away.

20

XXIII.—Last Post

THE day's high work is over and done,
 And these no more will need the sun :
 Blow, you bugles of ENGLAND, blow !
 These are gone whither all must go,
 Mightily gone from the field they won.
 So in the workaday wear of battle,
 Touched to glory with GOD's own red,
 Bear we our chosen to their bed.

5

Settle them lovingly where they fell,
 In that good lap they loved so well ;
 And, their deliveries to the dear LORD said,
 And the last desperate volleys ranged and sped,
 Blow, you bugles of ENGLAND, blow
 Over the camps of her beaten foe—
 Blow glory and pity to the victor Mother,
 Sad, O, sad in her sacrificial dead !

10

15

Labour, and love, and strife, and mirth,
 They gave their part in this goodly Earth—
 Blow, you bugles of ENGLAND, blow—
 That her Name as a sun among stars might glow,
 Till the dusk of Time, with honour and worth :

20

That, stung by the lust and the pain of battle,
The One Race ever might starkly spread,
And the One Flag eagle it overhead!
In a rapture of wrath and faith and pride, 25
Thus they felt it, and thus they died;
So to the Maker of homes, to the Giver of bread,
For whose dear sake their triumphing souls they
shed,
Blow, you bugles of ENGLAND, blow
Though you break the heart of her beaten foe, 30
Glory and praise to the everlasting Mother,
Glory and peace to her lovely and faithful dead!

THACKERAY

XXIV.—Colonel Newcome

[The selection that follows comprises a large portion of Chapter I. of Thackeray's novel *The Newcomes*, and it gives a vivid picture of one aspect of the life of the time portrayed in the novel—1830-1840. The chief characters in the story are Colonel Newcome and his son Clive, the former an officer in the Indian army and the latter a youth who leaves school soon after the story opens. The story ends with the death of the Colonel at Grey Friars Hospital, where he found a home after the loss of his fortune.]

GOING to the play, then, and to the pit, as was the fashion in those honest days, with some young fellows of my own age, having listened delighted to the most cheerful and brilliant of operas, and laughed enthusiastically at the farce, we became naturally hungry at 5 twelve o'clock at night, and a desire for welsh-rabbits

and good old glee-singing led us to the Cave of Harmony, then kept by the celebrated Hoskins, among whose friends we were proud to count.

We enjoyed such intimacy with Mr. Hoskins that 5 he never failed to greet us with a kind nod; and John the waiter made room for us near the President of the convival meeting. We knew the three admirable glee-singers, and many a time they partook of brandy-and-water at our expense. One of us gave his call dinner 10 at Hoskins's, and a merry time we had of it. Where are you, O Hoskins, bird of the night? Do you warble your songs by Acheron, or troll your choruses by the banks of black Avernus?

The goes of stout, the Chough and Crow, the welsh- 15 rabbit, the Red-Cross Knight, the hot brandy-and-water (the brown, the strong!) the Bloom is on the Rye (the Bloom isn't on the Rye any more!) the song and the cup in a word passed round merrily, and I daresay the songs and bumpers were encored. It happened that 20 there was a very small attendance at the Cave that night, and we were all more sociable and friendly because the company was select. The songs were chiefly of the sentimental class; such ditties were much in vogue at the time of which I speak.

25 There came into the Cave a gentleman with a lean brown face and long black mustachios, dressed in very loose clothes, and evidently a stranger to the place. At least he had not visited it for a long time. He was pointing out changes to a lad who was in his 30 company; and calling for sherry-and-water, he listened to the music, and twirled his mustachios with great enthusiasm.

At the very first glimpse of me the boy jumped up

from the table, bounded across the room, ran to me with his hands out, and blushing, said, "Don't you know me?"

It was little Newcome, my school-fellow, whom I had not seen for six years, grown a fine tall young 5 stripling now, with the same bright blue eyes which I remembered when he was quite a little boy.

"What the deuce brings you here?" said I.

He laughed and looked roguish. "My father—that's my father—would come. He's just back from 10 India. He says all the wits used to come here,—Mr. Sheridan, Captain Morris, Colonel Hanger, Professor Porson. I told him your name, and that you used to be very kind to me when I first went to Smithfield. I've left now; I'm to have a private tutor. I say, 15 I've got such a jolly pony! It's better fun than old Smiffle."

Here the whiskered gentleman, Newcome's father, pointing to a waiter to follow him with his glass of sherry-and-water, strode across the room twirling his 20 mustachios, and came up to the table where we sate, making a salutation with his hat in a very stately and polite manner, so that Hoskins himself was, as it were, obliged to bow; the glee-singers murmured among themselves (their eyes rolling over their glasses towards 25 one another as they sucked brandy-and-water), and that mischievous little wag, little Nadab the Improvisatore (who had just come in), began to mimic him, feeling his imaginary whiskers, after the manner of the stranger, and flapping about his pocket-handker- 30 chief in the most ludicrous manner. Hoskins checked this ribaldry by sternly looking towards Nadab, and at the same time called upon the gents to give their

orders, the waiter being in the room, and Mr. Bellew about to sing a song.

Newcome's father came up and held out his hand to me. I dare say I blushed, for I had been comparing him to the admirable Harley in the Critic, and had christened him Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

He spoke in a voice exceedingly soft and pleasant, and with a cordiality so simple and sincere, that my laughter shrank away ashamed; and gave place to a feeling much more respectful and friendly. In youth, you see, one is touched by kindness. A man of the world may, of course, be grateful or not as he chooses.

"I have heard of your kindness, Sir," says he, "to my boy. And whoever is kind to him is kind to me. Will you allow me to sit down by you? and may I beg you to try my cheroots?" We were friends in a minute—young Newcome snuggling by my side, his father opposite, to whom, after a minute or two of conversation, I presented my three college friends.

20 "You have come here, gentlemen, to see the wits," says the Colonel. "Are there any celebrated persons in the room? I have been five-and-thirty years from home, and want to see all that is to be seen."

King of Corpus (who was an incorrigible wag) was on the point of pulling some dreadful long bow, and pointing out half a dozen of people in the room, as R. and H. and L., etc., the most celebrated wits of that day: but I cut King's shins under the table, and got the fellow to hold his tongue.

30 "*Maxima debetur pueris*," says Jones (a fellow of very kind feeling, who has gone into the Church since), and writing on his card to Hoskins hinted to him that a boy was in the room, and a gentleman, who was

quite a greenhorn: hence that the songs genius, and be carefully selected.

And so they were. A lady's school might well come in, and but for the smell of cigars and brandy and-water have taken no harm by what happened. 5 Why should it not always be so? If there are any Caves of Harmony now, I warrant Messieurs the landlords, their interests would be better consulted by keeping their singers within bounds. The very greatest scamps like pretty songs, and are melted by 10 them: so are honest people. It was worth a guinea to see the simple Colonel, and his delight at the music. He forgot all about the distinguished wits whom he had expected to see in his ravishment over the glees.

15

"I say, Clive: this is delightful. This is better than your aunt's concert with all the Squallinis, hey? I shall come here often. Landlord; may I venture to ask those gentlemen if they will take any refreshment? What are their names? (to one of his neighbors) I was scarcely allowed to hear any singing before I went out, except an oratorio, where I fell asleep: but this, by George, is as fine as Incedon!" He became quite excited over his sherry-and-water— ("I'm sorry to see you gentlemen drinking brandy-pawnee," says he. "It plays the deuce with our young men in India.") He joined in all the choruses with an exceedingly sweet voice. He laughed at the Derby Ram so that it did you good to hear him: and when Hoskins sang (as he did admirably) the Old 30 English Gentleman, and described, in measured cadence, the death of that venerable aristocrat, tears trickled down the honest warrior's cheek, while he held out

his hand to Hoskins and said, "Thank you, Sir, for that song; it is an honour to human nature." On which Hoskins began to cry too.

And now young Nadab, having been cautioned,
5 commenced one of those surprising feats of improvisation with which he used to charm audiences. He took us all off, and had rhymes pat about all the principal persons in the room; King's pins (which he wore very splendid), Martin's red waistcoat, etc. The Colonel
10 was charmed with each feat, and joined delighted with the chorus—Ritolderolritolderol ritolderolderay (*bis*). And when coming to the Colonel himself, he burst out:—

"A military gent I see—and while his face I scan,
15 I think you'll all agree with me—He came from Hindustan.
And by his side sits laughing free—A youth with curly head,
I think you'll all agree with me—that he was best in bed.
Ritolderol," etc.

The Colonel laughed immensely at this sally, and
20 clapped his son, young Clive, on the shoulder, "Hear what he says of you, Sir? Clive, best be off to bed, my boy—ho, ho! No, no. We know a trick worth two of that. 'We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear.' Why should we? Why
25 shouldn't my boy have innocent pleasure? I was allowed none when I was a young chap, and the severity was nearly the ruin of me. I must go and speak with that young man—the most astonishing thing I ever heard in my life. What's his name?
30 Mr. Nadab? Mr. Nadab; Sir, you have delighted me. May I make so free as to ask you to come and dine with me to-morrow at six? Colonel Newcome, if you please, Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street. I am always

proud to make the acquaintance of men of genius, and you are one, or my name is not Newcome!"

"Sir, you do me honour," says Mr. Nadab, pulling up his shirt-collars, "and perhaps the day will come when the world will do me justice,—may I put down 5 your honoured name for my book of poems?"

"Of course, my dear Sir," says the enthusiastic Colonel, "I'll send them all over India. Put me down for six copies, and do me the favour to bring them to-morrow when you come to dinner." 10

And now Mr. Hoskins asking if any gentleman would volunteer a song, what was our amazement when the simple Colonel offered to sing himself, at which the room applauded vociferously; whilst methought poor Clive Newcome hung down his head, and blushed 15 as red as a peony. I felt for the young lad, and thought what my own sensations would have been, if, in that place, my own uncle, Major Pendennis, had suddenly proposed to exert his lyrical powers.

The Colonel selected the ditty of "Wapping Old 20 Stairs" (a ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it), and he sang this quaint and charming old song in an exceedingly pleasant voice, with flourishes and roulades in the old Incedon manner, which has pretty 25 nearly passed away. The singer gave his heart and soul to the simple ballad, and delivered Molly's gentle appeal so pathetically that even the professional gentlemen hummed and buzzed a sincere applause; and some wags who were inclined to jeer at the beginning 30 of the performance, clinked their glasses and rapped their sticks with quite a respectful enthusiasm. When the song was over, Clive held up his head too; after

the shock of the first verse, looked round with surprise and pleasure in his eyes; and we, I need not say, backed our friend, delighted to see him come out of his queer scrape so triumphantly. The Colonel bowed and
5 smiled with very pleasant good nature at our plaudits. It was like Dr. Primrose preaching his sermon in the prison. There was something touching in the naïveté and kindness of the placid and simple gentleman.

Great Hoskins, placed on high, amidst the tuneful
10 choir, was pleased to signify his approbation, and gave his guest's health in his usual dignified manner. "I am much obliged to you, Sir," says Mr. Hoskins; "the room ought to be much obliged to you: I drink your
15 'ealth and song, Sir;" and he bowed to the Colonel politely over his glass of brandy-and-water, of which he absorbed a little in his customer's honour. "I have not heard that song," he was kind enough to say, "better performed since Mr. Incledon sung it. He was
20 a great singer, Sir, and I may say, in the words of our immortal Shakespeare, that, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The Colonel blushed in his turn, and turning round to his boy with an arch smile, said, "I learnt it from Incledon. I used to slip out from Greyfriars to hear
25 him, Heaven bless me, forty years ago; and I used to be flogged afterwards, and serve me right too. Lord! Lord! how the time passes!" He drank off his sherry-and-water, and fell back into his chair; we could see he was thinking about his youth—the golden
30 time—the happy, the bright, the unforgetten. I was myself nearly two-and-twenty years of age at that period, and felt as old as, ay, older than the Colonel.

XXV.—Duke of Marlborough

HENRY ESMOND

AND now, having seen a great military march through a friendly country; the pomps and festivities of more than one German court, the severe struggle of a hotly contested battle, and the triumph of victory, Mr. Esmond beheld another part of military duty—our troops entering the enemy's territory, and putting all around them to fire and sword; burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery, cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror, and murder. Why does the stately Muse of History, that delights in describing the valour of heroes and the grandeur of conquest, leave out these scenes, so brutal, mean, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater part of the drama of war? You gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and compliment yourselves in the songs of triumph with which our chieftains are bepraised; you pretty maidens that come tumbling down the stairs when the fife and drum call you, and huzzah for the British Grenadiers—do you take account that these items go to make up the amount of the triumph you admire, and form part of the duties of the heroes you fondle?

Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassive before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel;

before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round about him,—he was 5 always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress and left her; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would 10 have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort 15 of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt.

Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon 20 as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed 25 the very meanest action of which a man is capable—told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

30 His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and

such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took 5 something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three-farthings; or, when he was young, a kiss from a woman, and the 10 gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall with the same amount of sympathy for either. (Not that he had no tears: he could always order up 15 this reserve at the proper moment to battle: he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp 20 your hand—or stab you whenever he saw occasion)—but yet those of the army who knew him best, and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from 25 before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

NEWBOLT

XXVI.—Craven

(MOBILE BAY, 1864)

OVER the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame.
Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim, 5
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign;
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming; the monitor hung
Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed, 10
Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;
She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar, 15
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,
Pilot and Captain met as they turned to fly:
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die. 20

They stood like men in a dream: Craven spoke,
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a Captain's pride,
"After you, Pilot:" the pilot woke,
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

(All men praise the deed and the manner, but we— 25

*We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
The grace of the empty hands and promises loud :*

Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,

Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand, 30

Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,

Outram coveting right before command,

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,

*These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,* 35

Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.)

XXVII.—Admiral Death

Boys, are ye calling a toast to-night ?

(Hear what the sea-wind saith)

Fill for a bumper strong and bright,

And here's to Admiral Death !

He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat, 5

He's fought in a thousand kinds o' coat,

He's the senior flag of all that float,

And his name's Admiral Death !

Which of you looks for a service free ?

(Hear what the sea-wind saith) 10

The rules o' the service are but three

When ye sail with Admiral Death.

Steady your hand in time o' squalls,

Stand to the last by him that falls,

And answer clear to the voice that calls, 15

"Ay, Ay ! Admiral Death !"

How will ye know him among the rest ?
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
 By the glint o' the stars that cover his breast
 Ye may find Admiral Death. 20

By the forehead grim with an ancient scar,
 By the voice that rolls like thunder far,
 By the tenderest eyes of all that are,
 Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before ? 25
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
 Their bones are white by many a shore,
 They sleep with Admiral Death.
 Oh ! but they loved him, young and old,
 For he left the laggard, and took the bold, 30
 And the fight was fought, and the story's told,
 And they sleep with Admiral Death.

XXVIII.—Clifton Chapel

THIS is the Chapel : here, my son,
 Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
 And heard the words that one by one
 The touch of Life has turned to truth.
 Here in a day that is not far, 5
 You too may speak with noble ghosts
 Of manhood and the vows of war
 You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the cause above renown,
 To love the game beyond the prize, 10
 To honour, while you strike him down,
 The foe that comes with fearless eyes ;

To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood 15
That binds the brave of all the earth.

My son, the oath is yours: the end
Is His, Who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
And Death for surest hope of life. 20

To-day and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free,
Henceforth the School and you are one,
And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure, 25
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass.

"Qui procul hinc," the legend's writ,—
The frontier-grave is far away— 30

"Qui ante diem periit:
Sed miles, sed pro patriâ."

THRING

XXIX.—Education and School

CHAPTER III

THERE is no more tendency in boys to betray their friends than there is in men; nay, far less tendency. But, then, who are their friends? The whole plan

and practice of the school must convince them that they and their governors truly form one body, and that the government is their friend. Whereas, in the boy idea, there have been two rival powers side by side, 5 masters and boys, with divided interests; and school life therefore has resolved itself into a match between the two bodies, in a sort of Spartan fashion—power on one side, endurance and cunning on the other. So the fox has never left off preying on their vitals as they 10 stand with a false appearance of innocence before their masters. And there is a sham nobility in this, for if the masters are indeed enemies, in an enemy's country all things are fair, and war knows no nice distinctions. Supposing, however, that parents love their children, 15 and send them to school because they love them, and school is therefore, for the time, a better place than home, and masters are men who do parents' work better than they can do themselves, how absurd, how pitiable this state of warfare is, this antagonism, to 20 those whom parents trust, not antagonism, merely of personal dislike, very often quite the contrary, but of intention and life—objects, systematic, and over-ruling feeling; a principle of opposition. The marvel is, how this can be considered a training for true life, when 25 honour comes to mean liberty to deceive any master, provided the secret-society bond is held fast.¹ But, theoretically, the masters are training boys to be true, whilst, practically, to be false to the trainers of truth becomes the recognized code of honour amongst the 30 boys who are to be trained, and must do so, as long as

And his honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Guinevere—TENNYSON.

there are divided interests. Now there is much excuse for this falsehood. Wherever teaching has got to mean bringing forward the clever, and training, enforced obedience to some rigid general rules, that fall on all alike, giving, as all general laws do, great opportunity of licence to the bad who evade them, combined with great hardship to the good who keep them—where mob-law of this kind is training, and pouring knowledge into troughs is teaching, and other double purposes exist, under such circumstances it seems right for the boy to stick to his flag. It is the least of two evils for him to be true to his companions at the expense, if need be, of the powers that deal so strangely with them.

Nothing but truth in all the main plan, and thorough completeness through all its functions in the school machinery, both in doors and out, can make boys feel that the school is but one body, one army; that masters and boys are united in one life, with one standard round which they rally, one battle-cry, truth and honour for all; one object, true progress and true power.

But let this be the case, and then the boy-allegiance becomes due to the common standard, not to the traitor who betrays it; is due to the good cause, not to the mean coward who deserts it; is due to the true friends and true men who work with him, not to the taproom heroes whose ideal is tapster. Then the boys amongst themselves will uphold their laws, just as Englishmen uphold theirs, and think it no shame to make thieves and traitors know their place.

If there is opposition between boys and their teachers, there will be similar opposition between work and play, though the two are equally parts of education. No

great progress can be made until the conviction of the one body, the one army, is stamped on the school heart, and has become its creed. But when it has, everything is changed. The antagonism between in-school and out-of-school, between work and play, between body, intellect, and heart, disappears; all is in harmony. For the young, learning to have faith in the old, believe with them that life is one piece, and that each good helps all other good; health of body, health of intellect, health of heart, all uniting to form the true man, and being the common object of teachers and taught. Then the old help the young in all good things, imposing no unnecessary rules, thinking energetic power, in its degree, as good in the field as in the study. For who really wishes to see boys made all head, like misshapen dwarfs, half men, powerful indeed in subtlety and intellect, but stunted in practical life and kindly growth, and cut off from common humanity? The first beginnings of knowledge are never very sweet; but neither are the first beginnings of most games. Cricket and football are rather exacting in their demands on the patience of their devotees at first. The head is not all in all. How many would learn better if knowledge came to them in a human shape, instead of in this dwarfish, magician-like, uncanny fashion! How many of those who do learn would be happy and beneficent workers, instead of reproductions of this inhuman power! It is the separation of the parts of life that makes the difference, the cutting life in two halves, as if a boy's choice lay between manly games or learning: when the choice really is, take both, like bread and wine; for if bread strengthens man's heart, the oil and wine of games make him a cheerful countenance. Life is

not all bread, and each helps the other. There is no lack of ability in boys generally, it is the character that is wanted to ensure success; but character may be helped. Cleverness is common enough, but the steadfast worth that can patiently endure, is wanting. Nevertheless, 5 it is one thing to endure patiently, when, in Miltonian phrase, Apollo sings, and another not to run away from a hideous and seemingly malignant dwarf. Boys, it is true, may justly be blamed to almost any extent for the want of interest they show, but it should never be 10 forgotten that they come to school to have all good things, as much as possible, put into them; and their condition, however desperate, is the work to be dealt with by a school. The worse their condition as a body, the more difficult it will be for a school to improve it; 15 and the more need will there be that every conceivable power should be brought to bear on it. Want of good material does not excuse want of power to deal with it, but the direct contrary. The worse the material, the more power is required, and the greater skill in those 20 who work it. There must be a thorough unity in object in teachers and taught, which can only be brought about by all the life being kindly and carefully provided for, not sections only of it, and those imperfectly. Yet it would be easy to draw a vivid picture 25 of the troubles and dangers of a master's life, of its daily vexations, its incessant work, and the criticisms! which are not powerless, but may be ruin. So that a man digging knee-deep, in a muddy ditch, with banks so high as to shut out the landscape, in a hot sun, and 30 a permanent swarm of flies and gnats round his head, is no unfair description of the life of many a deserving teacher. But the difficulties and dangers form no part

of this present investigation, which is only concerned with what is necessary to make a great school perfect. Whether the people of England will require perfection as far as possible, or enable the schools to aim at it, would belong to an entirely different discussion. At present it is important to lay down clearly that the teachers of truth ought to have everything about them true. For however the doors may be barred, the hole that the cats get through the kitten can get through also, and most certainly will do so.

CUTHBERTSON

XXX.—A Racing Eight

Who knows it not, who loves it not,
 The long and steady swing,
 The instant dip, the iron grip,
 The rowlocks' linked ring,
 The arrowy sway of hands away, 5
 The slider oiling aft,
 The forward sweep, the backward leap
 That speed the flying craft?

A racing eight of perfect mould,
 True to the builder's law, 10
 That takes the water's gleaming gold,
 Without a single flaw,
 A ship deep resonant within,
 Harmonious to the core,
 That vibrates to her polished skin 15
 The tune of wave and oar.

A racing eight and no man late,
And all hearts in the boat,
The men who work and never shirk,
Who long to be afloat, 20
The crew who burn from stem to stern
To win the foremost place,
The crew to row, the boat to go,
The Eight to win the race.

XXXI.—The Australian Sunrise

THE Morning Star paled slowly, the Cross hung low to
the sea,
And down the shadowy reaches the tide came
swirling free,
The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian
night,
Waned in the gray awakening that heralded the
light;
Still in the dying darkness, still in the forest dim 5
The pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant
limb,
Till the sun came up from ocean, red with the cold sea
mist,
And smote on the lime-stone ridges, and the shining
tree-top kissed;
Then the fiery Scorpion vanished, the magpie's note
was heard,
And the wind in the she-oak wavered and the
honey-suckles stirred, 10
The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,
The king-fisher came darting out of his crannied nest,

And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their fallow
 gray
 And burnt with cloudy crimson at dawning of the
 day.

LORD AVEBURY

XXXII.—The Sea

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 5 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

10 Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean—roll !
 BYRON.

WHEN the glorious summer weather comes, when we
 feel that by a year's honest work we have fairly won
 the prize of a good holiday, how we turn instinctively
 to the Sea. We pine for the delicious smell of the sea
 15 air, the murmur of the waves, the rushing sound of the
 pebbles on the sloping shore, the cries of the sea-birds ;
 and long to

Linger, where the pebble-paven shore,
 Under the quick, faint kisses of the Sea,
 20 Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy.

How beautiful the sea-coast is ! At the foot of a
 cliff, perhaps of pure white chalk, or rich red sandstone,

or stern grey granite, lies the shore of gravel or sand, with a few scattered plants of blue Sea Holly, or yellow-flowered Horned Poppies, Sea-kale, Sea Convolvulus, Saltwort, Artemisia, and Sea-grasses; the waves roll leisurely in one by one, and as they reach the beach, 5 each in turn rises up in an arch of clear, cool, transparent, green water, tipped with white or faintly pinkish foam, and breaks lovingly on the sands; while beyond lies the open Sea sparkling in the sunshine.

. . . O pleasant Sea, 10
Earth hath not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine.

The Sea is indeed at times overpoweringly beautiful.
At morning and evening a sheet of living silver or gold,
at mid-day deep blue; even 15

Too deeply blue; too beautiful; too bright;
Oh, that the shadow of a cloud might rest
Somewhere upon the splendour of thy breast
In momentary gloom.

There are few prettier sights than the beach at a 20
sea-side town on a fine summer's day; the merry
waves sparkling in the sunshine, and chasing one
another to the shore; the water and sky each bluer
than the other, while the sea seems as if it had
nothing to do but to laugh and play with the 25
children on the sands; the children perseveringly
making castles with spades and pails, which the
waves then run up to and wash away, over and over
and over again, until evening comes and the children
go home, when the Sea makes everything smooth and 30
ready for the next day's play.

Many are satisfied to admire the Sea from shore,
others more ambitious or more free prefer a cruise.
They feel with Tennyson's voyager :

5 We left behind the painted buoy
 That tosses at the harbour-mouth ;
 And madly danced our hearts with joy,
 As fast we fled to the South :
 How fresh was every sight and sound
 On open main or winding shore !
10 We knew the merry world was round
 And we might sail for evermore.

Many appreciate both. The long roll of the Mediterranean on a fine day (and I suppose even more of the Atlantic, which I have never enjoyed), far from
15 land in a good ship, and with kind friends, is a joy never to be forgotten.

To the Gulf Stream and the Atlantic Ocean Northern Europe owes its mild climate. The same latitudes on the other side of the Atlantic are much
20 colder. To find the same average temperature in the United States we must go far to the south. Immediately opposite us lies Labrador, with an average temperature the same as that of Greenland ; a coast almost destitute of vegetation, a country of snow and
25 ice, whose principal wealth consists in its furs, and a scattered population, mainly composed of Indians and Esquimaux. But the Atlantic would not alone produce so great an effect. We owe our mild and genial climate mainly to the Gulf Stream—a river in the ocean, more
30 than twenty million times as great as the Thames—the greatest, and for us the most important, river in the world, which brings to our shores the sunshine of the West Indies.

The Sea is outside time. A thousand, ten thousand, or a million years ago it must have looked just as it does now, and as it will ages hence. With the land this is not so. The mountains and hills, rivers and valleys, animals and plants are continually changing: 5 but the Sea is always the same,

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year.

Directly we see the coast, or even a ship, the case is altered. Boats may remain the same for centuries, 10 but ships are continually being changed. The wooden walls of old England are things of the past, and the ironclads of to-day will soon be themselves improved off the face of the ocean.

The great characteristic of Lakes is peace, that of 15 the Sea is energy, somewhat restless, perhaps, but still movement without fatigue.

The Earth lies quiet like a child asleep,
The deep heart of the Heaven is calm and still,
Must thou alone a restless vigil keep, 20
And with thy sobbing all the silence fill.

A Lake in a storm rather gives us the impression of a beautiful Water Spirit tormented by some Evil Demon; but a storm at sea is one of the grandest manifestations of Nature. 25

Yet more; the billows and the depths have more;
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast;
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave; 30
Give back the true and brave.

The most vivid description of a storm at sea is,

I think, the following passage from Ruskin's *Modern Painters* :

"Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the Sea of a powerful gale continued without
5 intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of the surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten,
10 not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hangs in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and, where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but
15 bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each: the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under
20 a great cataract; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its
25 moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it as described above, and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist; imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have
30 often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in

precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos, and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air; that no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark or natural evidence of position is left; and the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no further in any direction than you see through a cataract."

HENRY LAWSON

XXXIII.—The Star of Australasia

WE boast no more of our bloodless flag, that rose from
a nation's slime;
Better a shred of a deep-dyed rag from the storms of
the olden time.
From grander clouds in our "peaceful skies" than ever
were there before
I tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the
lurid clouds of war.
It ever must be while blood is warm and the sons of
men increase; 5
For ever the nations rose in storm, to rot in a deadly
peace.
There comes a point that we will not yield, no matter
if right or wrong,
And man will fight on the battle-field while passion
and pride are strong—

So long as he will not kiss the rod, and his stubborn
spirit sours,
And the scorn of Nature and curse of God are heavy
on peace like ours. 10

.

There are boys out there by the western creeks, who
hurry away from school
To climb the sides of the breezy peaks or dive in the
shaded pool,
Who'll stick to their guns when the mountains quake
to the tread of a mighty war,
And fight for Right or a Grand Mistake as men never
fought before;
When the peaks are scarred and the sea-walls crack
till the furthest hills vibrate, 15
And the world for a while goes rolling back in a
storm of love and hate.

.

There are boys to-day in the city slum and the home
of wealth and pride
Who'll have one home when the storm is come, and
fight for it side by side,
Who'll hold the cliffs 'gainst the armoured hells that
batter a coastal town,
Or grimly die in a hail of shells when the walls come
crashing down. 20
And many a pink-white baby girl, the queen of her
home to-day,
Shall see the wings of the tempest whirl the mist of
our dawn away—

Shall live to shudder and stop her ears to the thud of
the distant gun,
And know the sorrow that has no tears when a battle
is lost and won,—
As a mother or wife in the years to come, will kneel,
wild-eyed and white, 25
And pray to God in her darkened home for the “men
in the fort to-night.”

.

But, oh! if the cavalry charge again as they did when
the world was wide,
’Twill be grand in the ranks of a thousand men in
that glorious race to ride
And strike for all that is true and strong, for all that
is grand and brave,
And all that ever shall be, so long as man has a soul
to save. 30
He must lift the saddle, and close his “wings,” and
shut his angels out,
And steel his heart for the end of things, who’d ride
with a stockman scout,
When the race they ride on the battle track, and the
waning distance hums,
And the shelled sky shrieks or the rifles crack like
stockwhip amongst the gums—
And the “straight” is reached and the field is “gapped”
and the hoof-torn sward grows red 35
With the blood of those who are handicapped with
iron and steel and lead;
And the gaps are filled, though unseen by eyes, with
the spirit and with the shades

Of the world-wide rebel dead who'll rise and rush with
the Bush Brigades.

.

All creeds and trades will have soldiers there—give
every class its due—

And there'll be many a clerk to spare for the pride of
the jackeroo. 40

They'll fight for honour and fight for love, and a few
will fight for gold,

For the devil below and for God above, as our fathers
fought of old;

And some half-blind with exultant tears, and some
stiff-lipped, stern-eyed,

For the pride of a thousand after-years and the old
eternal pride;

*The soul of the world they will feel and see in the
chase and the grim retreat— 45

They'll know the glory of victory—and the grandeur of
defeat.

The South will wake to a mighty change ere a hundred
years are done

With arsenals west of the mountain range and every
spur its gun.

And many a rickety son of a gun, on the tides of the
future tossed,

Will tell how battles were really won that History says
were lost, 50

Will trace the field with his pipe, and shirk the facts
that are hard to explain,

As grey old mates of the diggings work the old ground
over again—

How "this was our centre, and this a redoubt, and that
was a scrub in the rear,
And this was the point where the guards held out, and
the enemy's lines were here."

.

They'll tell the tales of the nights before and the tales
of the ship and fort 55

Till the sons of Australia take to war as their fathers
took to sport,

Their breath come deep and their eyes grow bright at
the tales of chivalry,

And every boy will want to fight, no matter what
cause it be—

When the children run to the doors and cry: "Oh,
mother, the troops are come!"

And every heart in the town leaps high at the first
loud thud of the drum. 60

They'll know, apart from its mystic charm, what music
is at last,

When, proud as a boy with a broken arm, the regiment
marches past.

And the veriest wreck in the drink-fiend's clutch, no
matter how low or mean,

Will feel, when he hears the march, a touch of the man
that he might have been.

.

And this you learn from the libelled past, though its
methods were somewhat rude— 65

A nation's born where the shells fall fast, or its lease
of life renewed.

We in part atone for the ghoulish strife, and the crimes
of the peace we boast,
And the better part of a people's life in the storm
comes uppermost.

The self-same spirit that drives the man to the depths
of drink and crime
Will do the deeds in the heroes' van that live till the
end of time. 70
The living death in the lonely bush, the greed of the
selfish town,
And even the creed of the outlawed push is chivalry—
upside down.
'Twill be while ever our blood is hot, while ever the
world goes wrong,
The nations rise in a war, to rot in a peace that lasts
too long.
And southern nation and southern state, aroused from
their dream of ease, 75
Must sign in the Book of Eternal Fate their stormy
histories.

XXXIII^A.—After Many Years

THE song that once I dreamed about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without,
The love of wind and wing:
The perfect verses, to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet.

5

It is too late to write them now—
The ancient fire is cold;
No ardent lights illumine the brow,
As in the days of old.
I cannot dream the dream again;
But, when the happy birds
Are singing in the sunny rain,
I think I hear its words.

10

15

I think I hear the echo still
Of long-forgotten tones,
When evening winds are on the hill
And sunset fires the cones;
But only in the hours supreme,
With songs of land and sea,
The lyrics of the leaf and stream,
This echo comes to me.

20

No longer doth the earth reveal 25
Her gracious green and gold ;
I sit where youth was once, and feel
That I am growing old.
The lustre from the face of things
Is wearing all away ; 30
Like one who halts with tired wings,
I rest and muse to-day.

There is a river in the range
I love to think about;
Perhaps the searching feet of change 35
Have never found it out.
Ah! oftentimes I used to look
Upon its banks, and long
To steal the beauty of that brook
And put it in a song. 40

I wonder if the slopes of moss,
In dreams so dear to me—
The falls of flower, and flower-like floss—
Are as they used to be!
I wonder if the waterfalls,
The singers far and fair,
That gleamed between the wet, green walls,
Are still the marvels there.

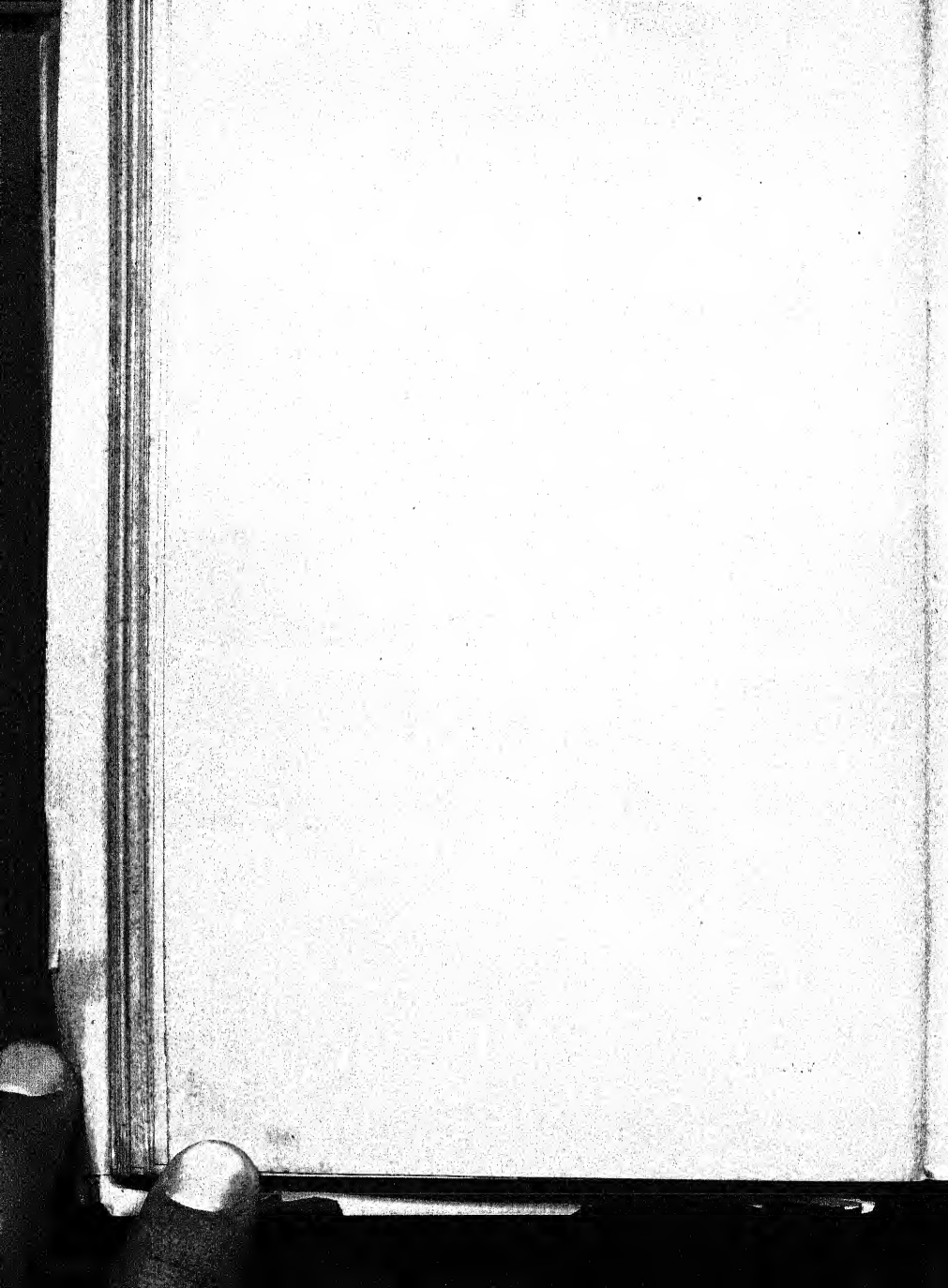
Ah! let me hope that in that place
 The old familiar things
 To which I turn a wistful face
 Have never taken wings.
 Let me retain the fancy still
 That, past the lordly range,

There always shines, in folds of hill, 55
One spot secure from change!

I trust that yet the tender screen
That shades a certain nook
Remains, with all its gold and green,
The glory of the brook. 60
It hides a secret to the birds
And waters only known—
The letters of two lovely words—
A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past 65
Upon these lines may light,
The purest verses, and the last,
That I may ever write:
She need not fear a word of blame:
Her tale the flowers keep— 70
The wind that heard me breathe her name
Has been for years asleep.

But in the night, and when the rain
The troubled torrent fills,
I often think I see again 75
The river in the hills;
And when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing,
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song I cannot sing. 80



SECTION II

THE PRAISE OF LITERATURE

ARNOLD

XXXIV.—Memorial Verses

APRIL, 1850

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remain'd to come;
The last poetic voice is dumb—
We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb. 5

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bow'd our head and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw 10
Of passion with eternal law;
And yet with reverential awe

We watch'd the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife.
When Goethe's death was told, we said: 15
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear, 20
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*
He look'd on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife, 25
The turmoil of expiring life—
He said: *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there!
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below 30
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
For never has such soothing voice 35
Been to your shadowy world convey'd,
Since erst, at morn, some wondering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye, 40
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.

He found us when the age had bound 45
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease; 50

The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
 Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
 Our youth return'd; for there was shed
 On spirits that had long been dead, 55
 Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
 The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course 60
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
 Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breast to steel; 65
 Others will strengthen us to bear—
 But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
 The cloud of mortal destiny.
 Others will front it fearlessly—
 But who, like him, will put it by? 70

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave.
 O Rotha, with thy living wave!
 Sing him thy best! for few or none
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

XXXV.—Shakspeare

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea, 5
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And, thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure, 10
 Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

RUSKIN

XXXVI.—Of Queens' Gardens

“ὡς κρίνον ἐν μέσῳ ἀκανθῶν, οὕτως ἡ πλησίον μοι.”¹

It will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The questions specially proposed to you in the first, namely, How and
 5 What to Read, rose out of a far deeper one, which it was my endeavour to make you propose earnestly to yourselves, namely, *Why* to Read. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of
 10 literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead

¹ Canticles, ii. 2. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly*; conferring indeed the 5 purest kingship that can exist among men: too many other kingships, (however distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous;—Spectral—that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which 10 only the “Likeness of a kingly crown have on;” or else tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave 15 this idea with you, I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship; an inevitable and eternal kind, crowned or not: the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others; enabling you, 20 therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word “State;” we have got into a loose way of using it. It means literally the standing and stability of a thing; and you have the full force of it in the derived word “statue”—“the immoveable thing.” A king’s 25 majesty or “state,” then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both:—without tremor, without quiver of balance; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter, nor overthrow. 30

Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power—first, over

ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me farther, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed
5 by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by
10 such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned, as "Queens' Gardens."

And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem
15 —remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how
20 education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The
25 relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the
30 rights of Man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong, And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus

far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude. 5

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some 10 clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigour, and honour, and authority of both. 15

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help: to appeal 20 to them, when our own knowledge and power of thought failed; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable 25 opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point: let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to 30 be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

And first let us take Shakespeare.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In his laboured and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Caesar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in *King Lear*, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless purpose: Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe, secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of *King Lear* is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children;

the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale;—nor the one 5 weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error:—"Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool Do with so good 10 a wife?"

In Romeo and Juliet, the wise and entirely brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In Winter's Tale, and in Cymbeline, the happiness and existence of 15 two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In Measure for Measure, the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt 20 cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamant purity of a woman. In Coriolanus, the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer, at last granted, saves 25 him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless 30 youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and

the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in
5 Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—
Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the
critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature
be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all
the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there
10 are three wicked women among the principal figures,
Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at
once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of
life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the
power for good which they have abandoned.

15 Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to
the position and character of women in human life.
He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise
counsellors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples—
strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

20 Not as in any wise comparable in knowledge of the
nature of man,—still less in his understanding of the
causes and courses of fate,—but only as the writer who
has given us the broadest view of the conditions and
modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask you
25 next to receive the witness of Walter Scott.

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as
of no value: and though the early romantic poetry is
very beautiful, its testimony is of no weight, other
than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works,
30 studied from Scottish life, bear a true witness, and in
the whole range of these there are but three men who
reach the heroic type—Dandie Dinmont, Rob Roy, and
Claverhouse: of these, one is a border farmer; another

a freebooter; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a strong, but uncultivated, or mistakenly applied, intellectual power; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic 5 fortune, and only by aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any disciplined, or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged, and 10 resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of men. Whereas in his imaginations of women—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Lillias Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and 15 Jeanie Deans,—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice; a fearless, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims; 20 and, finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able, 25 and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.

So that in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth; it is never, by any chance, the youth who 30 watches over or educates his mistress.

Next, take, though more briefly, graver and deeper testimony—that of the great Italians and Greeks. You

know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love-poem to his dead lady, a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him
 5 from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human; and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star
 10 to star.

I do not insist upon Dante's conception; if I began I could not cease; besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a
 15 knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth century, preserved among other such records of knightly honour and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

- 20 “For lo! thy law is passed
 That this my love should manifestly be
 To serve and honour thee;
 And so I do; and my delight is full,
 Accepted for the servant of thy rule.
- 25 “Without almost, I am all rapturous,
 Since thus my will was set
 To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence;
 Nor ever seems it anything could rouse
 A pain or a regret,
- 30 But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense;
 Considering that from thee all virtues spread
 As from a fountain head,—
 That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,
 And honour without fail;

With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

"Lady, since I conceived
Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart,
My life has been apart 5
In shining brightness and the place of truth;
Which, till that time, good sooth, *which*
Groped among the shadows in a darken'd place,
Where many hours and days
It hardly ever had remember'd good. 10
But now my servitude
Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.
A man from a wild beast
Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived."

You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight would have 15
had a lower estimate of women than this Christian
lover. His own spiritual subjection to them was
indeed not so absolute; but as regards their own
personal character, it was only because you could not
have followed me so easily, that I did not take the 20
Greek women instead of Shakespeare's; and instance,
for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the
simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache; the
divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra; the playful
kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicaa; 25
the housewifely calm of that of Penelope, with its
watch upon the sea; the ever patient, fearless, hope-
lessly devoted piety of the sister, and daughter, in
Antigone; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like
and silent; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrec- 30
tion, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return
from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to save her
husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of
death.

Now I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, 5 and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how 10 the great people,—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred;—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman; and into 15 her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle: and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm, and cloudy shield, to whose faith you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in 20 art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element; I will only ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world,—consistent as you see it is on this head. 25 I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman; nay, worse than fictitious or idle; for a thing may be imaginary, yet 30 desirable, if it were possible; but this, their ideal of women, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think for herself.

The man is always to be the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power. Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter? Are all these great men mistaken, or are we? Are Shakespeare and 5 Æschylus, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of 10 facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity of progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient*—not merely enthusiastic and worshipping in imagina- 15 tion, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but, so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse 20 and dishonour of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love;—that chivalry, I say, in its 25 very first conception of honourable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught 30 and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady: that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passion must be; and that in

this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honourable, were it
 5 ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it is impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

10 I do not insist by any farther argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been and to your feeling of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere
 15 caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would
 20 they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:—

“Ah wasteful woman!—she who may
 On her sweet self set her own price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
 How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
 25 How given for nought her priceless gift,
 How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men, and men divine.”¹

Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I
 30 believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it

¹ Coventry Patmore.

right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and 5 duty are to be withdrawn, when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreason-10 able? Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all,—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding 15 function of the woman reconcileable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speak- 20 ing of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on 25 each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the 30 defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest

necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, 5 and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all 10 peril and trial: to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need 15 enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of 20 the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed 25 over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a 30 nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of Home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round 5 her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be,—the woman's true place and power? But do 10 not you see that, to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self- 15 development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because 20 infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—"La donna è mobile" not "Qual piúm' al vento;" no, nor yet "Variable as the shade, by the light quivering 25 aspen made;" but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the colour of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

II. I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to 30 fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace

the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this,—is to secure for her such physical
 5 training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor
 10 shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *right-*
 15 ness—which point you to the source, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:—

20 “Three years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, a lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown.
 This child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

25 “Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power,
 30 To kindle, or restrain

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her, for her the willow bend;
 Nor shall she fail to see

Even in the motions of the storm,
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

"And *vital feelings of delight*
 Shall rear her form to stately height,—
 Her virgin bosom swell.
 Such *thoughts* to Lucy I will give,
 While she and I together live,
 Here in this happy dell."

5

"*Vital feelings of delight*," observe. There are 10
 deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are
 vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to
 be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if
 you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint 15
 you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one
 check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort
 —which will not be indelibly written on her features,
 with a hardness which is all the more painful because
 it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, 20
 and the charm from the brow of virtue.

This for the means: now note the end. Take from
 the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of
 womanly beauty—

"A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet."

25

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can
 only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in
 the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet
 records; and from the joining of this with that yet 30
 more majestic childishness, which is still full of change
 and promise; opening always—modest at once, and

bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical
5 frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may
10 enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself,
15 whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with
20 this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws, and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the
25 threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves for ever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates
30 of events, or how many names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the

history she reads ; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination ; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement ; it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for ever determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath ; and to the contemporary calamity which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves ;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is “for all who are desolate and oppressed.”

WORDSWORTH

XXXVII.—The Poet's Epitaph

ART thou a Statist in the van
 Of public conflicts trained and bred ?
 —First learn to love one living man ;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou ?—draw not nigh ! 5
 Go, carry to some fitter place
 The keenness of that practised eye,
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer ?
 A rosy Man, right plump to see ? 10
 Approach ; yet, Doctor, not too near,
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
 A Soldier and no man of chaff ?
 Welcome !—but lay thy sword aside, 15
 And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ? one, all eyes,
 Philosopher !—a fingering slave,
 One that would peep and botanize
 Upon his mother's grave ? 20

But he is weak ; both Man and Boy,
 Hath been an idler in the land ;
 Contented if he might enjoy
 The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength; 25
Come, weak as is a breaking wave !
Here stretch thy body at full length ;
Or build thy house upon this grave.

XXXVIII.—Two Sonnets

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room ;
And hermits are contented with their cells ;
And students with their pensive citadels ;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom, 5
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound 10
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

SCORN not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ; 5
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,

- 10 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

NEWMAN

XXXIX.—Rise and Progress of Universities

IF we would know what a University is, considered in its elementary idea, we must betake ourselves to the first and most celebrated home of European literature and source of European civilization, to the bright and beautiful Athens,—Athens, whose schools drew to her bosom, and then sent back again to the business of life, the youth of the western world for a long thousand years. Seated on the verge of the continent, the city seemed hardly suited for the duties of a central metropolis of knowledge; yet, what it lost in convenience of approach, it gained in its neighbourhood to the traditions of the mysterious East, and in the loveliness of the region in which it lay. Hither, then, as to a sort of ideal land, where all archetypes of the great and the fair were found in substantial being, and all departments of truth explored, and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited, where taste and philosophy were majestically enthroned as in a royal court, where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius, where professors were

masaryk

rulers, and princes did homage, hither flocked continually from the very corners of the *orbis terrarum*,¹ the many-tongued generation, just rising, or just risen into manhood, in order to gain wisdom.

Pisistratus had in an early age discovered and nursed 5 the infant genius of his people, and Cimon, after the Persian war, had given it a home. That war had established the naval supremacy of Athens; she had become an imperial state; and the Ionians, bound to her by the double chain of kindred and of subjection, 10 were importing into her both their merchandise and their civilization. The arts and philosophy of the Asiatic coast were easily carried across the sea, and there was Cimon, as I have said, with his ample fortune, ready to receive them with due honours. Not 15 content with patronizing their professors, he built the first of those noble porticos, of which we hear so much in Athens, and he formed the groves which in process of time became the celebrated Academy. Planting is one of the most graceful, as in Athens it was one of the 20 most beneficent, of employments. Cimon took in hand the wild wood, pruned and dressed it, and laid it out with handsome walks and welcome fountains. Nor, while hospitable to the authors of the city's civilization, was he ungrateful to the instruments of her pros- 25 perity. His trees extended their cool, umbrageous branches over the merchants, who assembled in the Agora, for many generations.

Those merchants certainly had deserved that act of bounty; for all the while their ships had been carrying 30 forth the intellectual fame of Athens to the western world. Then commenced what may be called her

¹[The globe.]

University existence. Pericles, who succeeded Cimon, both in the government and in the patronage of art, is said by Plutarch to have entertained the idea of making Athens the capital of federated Greece: in this he
5 failed, but his encouragement of such men as Phidias and Anaxagoras led the way to her acquiring a far more lasting sovereignty over a far wider empire. Little understanding the sources of her own greatness, Athens would go to war; peace is the interest of a seat
10 of commerce and the arts; but to war she went; yet to her, whether peace or war, it mattered not. The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away,—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet
15 and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of
20 Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there,—Athens, the city of mind,—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young, as ever she had been.)

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Ægean, many a spot is there more beautiful or
25 sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Boeotia, which lay to its immediate north, was
30 notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Boeotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dulness of the Boeotian intellect: on the contrary, the special

purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not;—it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face even of a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain,—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full;—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that that olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell, how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the

arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare
5 flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled
10 divinities of Attica, when they should visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful, fanlike jets of silver upon
15 the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound
20 upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and
25 roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun;—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student,
30 come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a

Centaur's flowing

remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery choking sands, learned at once what a real University must be, by coming to understand the sort of country, which was its suitable home.

Nor was this all that a University required, and found in Athens. No one, even there, could live on poetry. If the students at that famous place had nothing better than bright hues and soothing sounds, 10 they would not have been able or disposed to turn their residence there to much account. Of course they must have the means of living, nay, in a certain sense, of enjoyment, if Athens was to be an Alma Mater at the time, or to remain afterwards a pleasant thought in 15 their memory. And so they had. Be it recollected Athens was a port, and a mart of trade, perhaps the first in Greece; and this was very much to the point, when a number of strangers were ever flocking to it, whose combat was to be with intellectual, not physical 20 difficulties, and who claimed to have their bodily wants supplied, that they might be at leisure to set about furnishing their minds. Now, barren as was the soil of Attica, and bare the face of the country, yet it had only too many resources for an elegant, nay luxurious 25 abode there. So abundant were the imports of the place, that it was a common saying, that the productions, which were found singly elsewhere, were brought all together in Athens. Corn and wine, the staple of subsistence in such a climate, came from the isles of the 30 Ægean; fine wool and carpeting from Asia Minor; slaves, as now, from the Euxine, and timber, too; and iron and brass from the coasts of the Mediterranean.

The Athenian did not condescend to manufactures himself, but encouraged them in others; and a population of foreigners caught at the lucrative occupation both for home consumption and for exportation. Their
 5 cloth, and other textures for dress and furniture, and their hardware—for instance, armour—were in great request. Labour was cheap; stone and marble in plenty; and the taste and skill, which at first were devoted to public buildings, as temples and porticos,
 10 were in course of time applied to the mansions of public men. If nature did much for Athens, it is undeniable that art did much more.

TENNYSON

XL.—The Poet

THE poet in a golden clime was born,
 With golden stars above;
 Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
 The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill, 5
 He saw thro' his own soul.
 The marvel of the everlasting will,
 An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
 The secretest walks of fame: 10
 The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
 And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung, 15
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower
The fruitful wit 20

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling 25
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring,
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire. 30
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd, 35
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning eyes
Melted like snow. 40

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
 Sunn'd by those orient skies;
 But round about the circles of the globes
 Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame 45
 WISDOM, a name to shake
 All evil dreams of power—a sacred name.
 And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
 And as the lightning to the thunder 50
 Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
 Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
 Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
 But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word 55
 She shook the world.

XLI.—The Poet's Song

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
 A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat, 5
 And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
 The snake slipt under a spray, 10
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 And stared, with his foot on the prey,

And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many
songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

15

XLII.—To Virgil

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE
NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH

ROMAN Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
Wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;
Landscape-lover, lord of language
More than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy
Flashing out from many a golden phrase;
Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
Tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
Often flowering in a lonely word;
Poet of the happy Tityrus
Piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr
Whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;
Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
In the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
Unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

5

10

15

20

Thou that seest Universal
 Nature moved by Universal mind;
 Thou majestic in thy sadness
 At the doubtful doom of human kind,

Light among the vanish'd ages; 25
 Star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
 Golden branch amid the shadows,
 Kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
 Fallen every purple Caesar's dome— 30
 Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
 Sound for ever of Imperial Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perished,
 And the Rome of freemen holds her place,
 I, from out the Northern Island 35
 Sunder'd once from all the human race,

I salute thee, Mantovano,
 I that loved thee since my day began,
 Wielder of the stateliest measure
 Ever moulded by the lips of man. 40

XLIII.—To Milton

ALCAICS

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages;

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel, 5
 Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
 Tower, as the deep-domed empyrëan
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset—
 Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring, 10
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
 Where some refulgent sunset of India
 Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
 And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods 15
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

MORLEY

XLIV.—Study of Literature¹

WHEN my friend Mr. Goschen invited me to discharge
 the duty which has fallen to me this afternoon, I con-
 fess that I complied with many misgivings. He desired
 me to say something on the literary side of education.
 Now, it is almost impossible—and I think those who 5
 know most of literature will be readiest to agree with
 me—to say anything new in recommendation of litera-
 ture in a scheme of education. I have felt, however,
 that Mr. Goschen has worked with such zeal and energy
 for so many years on behalf of this good cause, that 10
 anybody whom he considered able to render him any

¹ The annual address to the students of the London Society for
 the Extension of University Teaching, delivered at the Mansion
 House, February 26th, 1887.

co-operation owed it to him in its fullest extent. The Lord Mayor has been kind enough to say that I am especially qualified to speak on English literature. I must, however, remind the Lord Mayor that I have
5 strayed from literature into the region of politics; and I am not at all sure that such a journey conduces to the aptness of one's judgment on literary subjects, or adds much to the force of one's arguments on behalf of literary study. Politics are a field where action is
10 one long second-best, and where the choice constantly lies between two blunders. Nothing can be more unlike in aim, in ideals, in method, and in matter, than are literature and politics. I have, however, determined to do the best that I can; and I feel how great an
15 honour it is to be invited to partake in a movement which I do not hesitate to call one of the most important of all those now taking place in English society.

What is the object of the movement? What do the promoters aim at? I take it that what they
20 design is to bring the very best teaching that the country can afford, through the hands of the most thoroughly competent men, within the reach of every class of the community. Their object is to give to the many that sound, systematic, and methodical
25 knowledge, which has hitherto been the privilege of the few who can afford the time and money to go to Oxford and Cambridge; to diffuse the fertilising waters of intellectual knowledge from their great and copious fountain-heads at the Universities by a thousand
30 irrigating channels over the whole length and breadth of our busy, indomitable land. Gentlemen, this is a most important point. Goethe said that nothing is more frightful than a teacher who only knows what

his scholars are intended to know. We may depend upon it that the man who knows his own subject most thoroughly is most likely to excite interest about it in the minds of other people. We hear, perhaps more often than we like, that we live in a democratic age. 5 It is true enough, and I can conceive nothing more democratic than such a movement as this, nothing which is more calculated to remedy defects that are incident to democracy, more thoroughly calculated to raise modern democracy to heights which other forms 10 of government and older orderings of society have never yet attained. No movement can be more wisely democratic than one which seeks to give to the northern miner or the London artisan knowledge as good and as accurate, though he may not have so much 15 of it, as if he were a student at Oxford or Cambridge. Something of the same kind may be said of the new frequency with which scholars of great eminence and consummate accomplishments, like Jowett, Lang, Myers, 20 Leaf, and others, bring all their scholarship to bear, in order to provide for those who are not able, or do not care, to read old classics in the originals, brilliant and faithful renderings of them in our own tongue. Nothing but good, I am persuaded, can come of all these attempts to connect learning with the living 25 forces of society, and to make industrial England a sharer in the classic tradition of the lettered world.

I am well aware that there is an apprehension that the present extraordinary zeal for education in all its forms—elementary, secondary, and higher—may bear 30 in its train some evils of its own. It is said that before long nobody in England will be content to practise a handicraft, and that every one will insist

on being at least a clerk. It is said that the moment is even already at hand when a great deal of practical distress does and must result from this tendency. I remember years ago that in the United States I heard
5 something of the same kind. All I can say is, that this tendency, if it exists, is sure to right itself. In no case can the spread of so mischievous a notion as that knowledge and learning ought not to come within reach of handicraftsmen be attributed to literature.
10 There is a familiar passage in which Pericles, the great Athenian, describing the glory of the community of which he was so far-shining a member, says, "We at Athens are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes; we cultivate the mind without loss of manli-
15 ness." But then remember that after all Athenian society rested on a basis of slavery. Athenian citizens were able to pursue their love of the beautiful, and their simplicity, and to cultivate their minds without loss of manliness, because the drudgery and hard work
20 and rude service of society were performed by those who had no share in all these good things. With us, happily, it is very different. We are all more or less upon a level. Our object is—and it is that which in my opinion raises us infinitely above the Athenian
25 level—to bring the Periclean ideas of beauty and simplicity and cultivation of the mind within the reach of those who do the drudgery and the service and rude work of the world. And it can be done—do not let us be afraid—it can be done without in the least
30 degree impairing the skill of our handicraftsmen or the manliness of our national life. It can be done without blunting or numbing the practical energies of our people.

I know they say that if you meddle with literature you are less qualified to take your part in practical affairs. You run a risk of being labelled a dreamer and a theorist. But, after all, if we take the very highest form of all practical energy—the governing of 5 the country—all this talk is ludicrously untrue. I venture to say that in the present Government [1887], including the Prime Minister, there are three men at least who are perfectly capable of earning their bread as men of letters. In the late Government, besides 10 the Prime Minister, there were also three men of letters, and I have never heard that those three were greater simpletons than their neighbours. There is a Commission now at work on that very important and abstruse subject—the Currency. I am told that no 15 one there displays so acute an intelligence of the difficulties that are to be met, and so ready an apprehension of the important arguments that are brought forward, and the practical ends to be achieved, as the chairman of the Commission, who is not what is called 20 a practical man, but a man of study, literature, theoretical speculation, and university training. Oh no, gentlemen, some of the best men of business in the country are men who have had the best collegian's equipment, and are the most accomplished bookmen. 25

It is true that we cannot bring to London, with this movement, the indefinable charm that haunts the grey and venerable quadrangles of Oxford and Cambridge. We cannot take you into the stately halls, the silent and venerable libraries, the solemn chapels, 30 the studious old-world gardens. We cannot surround you with all those elevated memorials and sanctifying associations of scholars and poets, of saints and sages,

that march in glorious procession through the ages, and make of Oxford and Cambridge a dream of music for the inward ear, and of delight for the contemplative eye. We cannot bring all that to you; but I
5 hope, and I believe, it is the object of those who are more intimately connected with the society than I have been, that every partaker of the benefits of this society will feel himself and herself in living connection with those two famous centres, and feel conscious
10 of the links that bind the modern to the older England. One of the most interesting facts mentioned in your report this year is that last winter four prizes of £10 each were offered in the mining district of Northumberland, one each to the male and female student
15 in every term who should take the highest place in the examination, in order to enable them to spend a month in Cambridge in the long vacation for the purpose of carrying on in the laboratories and museums the work in which they had been engaged
20 in the winter at the local centre. That is not a step taken by our society; but the University of Cambridge has inspired and worked out the scheme, and I am not without hope that from London some of those who attend these classes may be able to realise
25 in person the attractions and the associations of these two great historic sites. One likes to think how poor scholars three or four hundred years ago used to flock to Oxford, regardless of cold, privation, and hardship, so that they might satisfy their hunger and thirst for
30 knowledge. I like to think of them in connection with this movement. I like to think of them in connection with students like those miners in Northumberland, whom I know well, and who are mentioned in

the report of the Cambridge Extension Society as, after a day's hard work in the pit, walking four or five miles through cold and darkness and rough roads to hear a lecture, and then walking back again the same four or five miles. You must look for the same enthusiasm, 5 the same hunger and thirst for knowledge, that presided over the foundation of the Universities many centuries ago, to carry on this work, to strengthen and stimulate men's faith in knowledge, their hopes from it, and their zeal for it. 10

Speaking now of the particular kind of knowledge of which I am going to say a few words—how does literature fare in these important operations? Last term, out of fifty-seven courses in the Cambridge scheme, there were ten on literature; out of thirty-one of our 15 courses, seven were on literature. I am bound to say I think that such a position for literature in the scheme is very reasonably satisfactory. I have made some inquiries, since I knew that I was going to speak here, in the great popular centres of industry in the 20 North and in Scotland as to the popularity of literature as a subject of teaching, I find very much what I should have expected. The professors all tell very much the same story, and this is, that it is extremely hard to interest any considerable number of people in 25 subjects that seem to have no direct bearing upon the practical work of everyday life. There is a disinclination to study literature for its own sake, or to study anything which does not seem to have a visible and direct influence upon the daily work of life. The 30 nearest approach to a taste for literature is a certain demand for instruction in history with a little flavour of contemporary politics. In short, the demand for

instruction in literature is strictly moderate. That is what men of experience tell me, and we have to recognise it, nor ought we to be at all surprised. Mr. Goschen, when he spoke some years ago, said there were three motives which might induce people to seek the higher education. First, to obtain greater knowledge for bread-winning purposes. From that point of view science would be most likely to feed the classes. Secondly, the improvement of one's knowledge of political economy, and history, and facts bearing upon the actual political work and life of the day. Thirdly, was the desire of knowledge as a luxury to brighten life and kindle thought. I am very much afraid that, in the ordinary temper of our people, and the ordinary mode of looking at life, the last of these motives savours a little of self-indulgence, and sentimentality, and other objectionable qualities. There is a great stir in the region of physical science at this moment, and it is likely, as any one may see, to take a chief and foremost place in the field of intellectual activity. After the severity with which science was for so many ages treated by literature, we cannot wonder that science now retaliates, now mightily exalts herself, and thrusts literature down into the lower place. I only have to say on the relative claims of science and literature what Dr. Arnold said:—"If one might wish for impossibilities, I might then wish that my children might be well versed in physical science, but in due subordination to the fulness and freshness of their knowledge on moral subjects. This, however, I believe cannot be; wherefore, rather than have it the principal thing in my son's mind, I would gladly have him think that the sun went round the earth,

and that the stars were so many spangles set in the bright blue firmament" (Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, ii. 31). It is satisfactory that one may know something of these matters, and yet not believe that the sun goes round the earth. But if there is to be exclusion, I, 5 for one, am not prepared to accept the rather enormous pretensions that are nowadays sometimes made for physical science as the be-all and end-all of education.

Next to this we know that there is a great stir on behalf of technical and commercial education. The 10 special needs of our time and country compel us to pay a particular attention to this subject. Here knowledge is business, and we shall never hold our industrial pre-eminence, with all that hangs upon that pre-eminence, unless we push on technical and commercial education 15 with all our might. But there is a third kind of knowledge, and that too, in its own way, is business. There is the cultivation of the sympathies and imagination, the quickening of the moral sensibilities, and the enlargement of the moral vision. The great need in 20 modern culture, which is scientific in method, rationalistic in spirit, and utilitarian in purpose, is to find some effective agency for cherishing within us the ideal. That is the business and function of literature. Literature alone will not make a good citizen; it will 25 not make a good man. History affords too many proofs that scholarship and learning by no means purge men of acrimony, of vanity, of arrogance, of a murderous tenacity about trifles. || Mere scholarship and learning and the knowledge of books do not by 30 any means arrest and dissolve all the travelling acids of the human system. Nor would I pretend for a moment that literature can be any substitute for

life and action. Burke said, "What is the education of the generality of the world? Reading a parcel of books? No! Restraint and discipline, examples of virtue and of justice, these are what form the education of the world." That is profoundly true; it is life that is the great educator. But the parcel of books, if they are well chosen, reconcile us to this discipline; they interpret this virtue and justice; they awaken within us the diviner mind, and rouse us to a consciousness of what is best in others and ourselves.

As a matter of rude fact, there is much to make us question whether the spread of literature, as now understood, does awaken the diviner mind. The numbers of the books that are taken out from public libraries are not all that we could wish. I am not going to inflict many figures on you, but there is one set of these figures that distresses book-lovers,—I mean the enormous place that fiction occupies in the books that are taken out. In one great town in the North prose fiction forms 76 per cent. of all the books lent. In another great town prose fiction is 82 per cent.; in a third 84 per cent.; and in a fourth 67 per cent. I had the curiosity to see what happens in the libraries of the United States; and there—supposing the system of cataloguing and enumeration to be the same—they are a trifle more serious in their taste than we are; where our average is about 70 per cent., at a place like Chicago it is only about 60 per cent. In Scotland, too, it ought to be said that they have a better average in respect to prose fiction. There is a larger demand for books called serious than in England. And I suspect, though I do not know, that one reason why there is in Scotland a greater demand for the

more serious classes of literature than fiction, is that in the Scotch Universities there are what we have not in England—well-attended chairs of literature, systematically and methodically studied. Do not let it be supposed that I at all underrate the value of fiction.⁵ On the contrary, when a man has done a hard day's work, what can he do better than fall to and read the novels of Walter Scott, or the Brontës, or Mrs. Gaskell, or some of our living writers. I am rather a voracious reader of fiction myself. I do not, therefore, point to¹⁰ it as a reproach or as a source of discouragement, that fiction takes so large a place in the objects of literary interest. I only suggest that it is much too large, and we should be better pleased if it sank to about 40 per cent., and what is classified as general literature¹⁵ rose from 13 to 25 per cent.

There are other complaints of literature as an object of interest in this country. I was reading the other day an essay by the late head of my old college at Oxford, that very learned and remarkable man Mark²⁰ Pattison, who was a book-lover if ever there was one. He complained that the bookseller's bill in the ordinary English middle class family is shamefully small. It appeared to him to be monstrous that a man who is earning £1000 a year should spend less than £1 a²⁵ week on books—that is to say, less than a shilling in the pound per annum. I know that Chancellors of the Exchequer take from us 8d. or 6d. in the pound, and I am not sure that they always use it as wisely as if they left us to spend it on books. Still, a shilling³⁰ in the pound to be spent on books by a clerk who earns a couple of hundred pounds a year, or by a workman who earns a quarter of that sum, is rather more, I

think, than can be reasonably expected. A man does not really need to have a great many books. Pattison said that nobody who respected himself could have less than 1000 volumes. He pointed out that you can
5 stack 1000 octavo volumes in a bookcase that shall be 13 feet by 10 feet, and 6 inches deep, and that everybody has that small amount of space at disposal. Still the point is not that men should have a great many books, but that they should have the right ones, and
10 that they should use those that they have. We may all agree in lamenting that there are so many houses—even some of considerable social pretension—where you will not find a good atlas, a good dictionary, or a good cyclopædia of reference. What is still more lament-
15 able, in a good many more houses where these books are, they are never referred to or opened. That is a very discreditable fact, because I defy anybody to take up a single copy of the *Times* newspaper and not come upon something in it, upon which, if their interest in
20 the affairs of the day were active, intelligent, and alert as it ought to be, they would consult an atlas, dictionary, or cyclopædia of reference.

No sensible person can suppose for a single moment that everybody is born with the ability for using
25 books, for reading and studying literature. Certainly not everybody is born with the capacity of being a great scholar. All people are no more born great scholars like Gibbon and Bentley, than they are all born great musicians like Handel and Beethoven.
30 What is much worse than that, many come into the world with the incapacity of reading, just as they come into it with the incapacity of distinguishing one tune from another. To them I have nothing to say. Even

the morning paper is too much for them. They can only skim the surface even of that. I go further, and frankly admit that the habit and power of reading with reflection, comprehension, and memory all alert and awake, does not come at once to the natural man any more than many other sovereign virtues come to that interesting creature. What I do venture to press upon you is, that it requires no preterhuman force of will in any young man or woman—unless household circumstances are more than usually vexatious and 10 unfavourable—to get at least half an hour out of a solid busy day for good and disinterested reading. Some will say that this is too much to expect, and the first person to say it, I venture to predict, will be those who waste their time most. At any rate, if I cannot 15 get half an hour, I will be content with a quarter. Now, in half an hour I fancy you can read fifteen or twenty pages of Burke; or you can read one of Words- worth's masterpieces—say the lines on Tintern; or say, *James* one-third—if a scholar, in the original, and if not, in a 20 translation—of a book of the Iliad or the Æneid. I do not think that I am filling the half-hour too full. But try for yourselves what you can read in half an hour. Then multiply the half-hour by 365, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the 25 year; and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you during all the days of your life.

I will not take up your time by explaining the various mechanical contrivances and aids to successful study. They are not to be despised by those who 30 would extract the most from books. Many people think of knowledge as of money. They would like knowledge, but cannot face the perseverance and

self-denial that go to the acquisition of it. The wise student will do most of his reading with a pen or a pencil in his hand. He will not shrink from the useful toil of making abstracts and summaries of what he is
5 reading. Sir William Hamilton was a strong advocate for underscoring books of study. "Intelligent underlining," he said, "gave a kind of abstract of an important work, and by the use of different coloured inks to mark a difference of contents, and discriminate the
10 doctrinal from the historical or illustrative elements of an argument or exposition, the abstract became an analysis very serviceable for ready reference."¹ This assumes, as Hamilton said, that the book to be operated on is your own, and perhaps is rather too elaborate
15 a counsel of perfection for most of us. Again, some great men—Gibbon was one, and Daniel Webster was another, and the great Lord Strafford was a third—always before reading a book made a short, rough analysis of the questions which they expected to be
20 answered in it, the additions to be made to their knowledge, and whither it would take them.

"After glancing my eye," says Gibbon, "over the design and order of a new book, I suspended the perusal until I had finished the task of self-examination; till I
25 had revolved in a solitary walk all that I knew or believed or had thought on the subject of the whole work or of some particular chapter: I was then qualified to discern how much the author added to my original stock; and if I was sometimes satisfied by the
30 agreement, I was sometimes armed by the opposition, of our ideas."²

¹ Veitch's *Life of Hamilton*, pp. 314, 392.

² Dr. Smith's *Gibbon*, i. 64.

I have sometimes tried that way of steadying and guiding attention; and I commend it to you. I need not tell you that you will find that most books worth reading once are worth reading twice, and—what is most important of all—the masterpieces of literature 5 are worth reading a thousand times. It is a great mistake to think that because you have read a masterpiece once or twice, or ten times, therefore you have done with it. Because it is a masterpiece, you ought to live with it, and make it part of your daily life. 10 Another practice is that of keeping a common-place book, and transcribing into it what is striking and interesting and suggestive. And if you keep it wisely, as Locke has taught us, you will put every entry under a head, division, or subdivision.¹ This is an 15 excellent practice for concentrating your thought on the passage and making you alive to its real point and significance. Here, however, the high authority of Gibbon is against us. He refuses "strenuously to recommend." "The action of the pen," he says, "will 20 doubtless imprint an idea on the mind as well as on the paper; but I much question whether the benefits of this laborious method are adequate to the waste of time; and I must agree with Dr. Johnson (*Idler*, No. 74) that 'what is twice read is commonly better re- 25 membered than what is transcribed.'" ²

¹ "If I would put anything in my Common-place Book, I find out a head to which I may refer it. Each head ought to be some important and essential word to the matter in hand" (Locke's *Works*, iii. 308, ed. 1801). This is for indexing purposes, but it is worth while to go further and make a title for the passage extracted, indicating its pith and purport.

² Dr. Smith's *Gibbon*, i. 51.

Various correspondents have asked me to say something about those lists of a hundred books that have been circulating through the world within the last few months. I have examined some of these lists with 5 considerable care, and whatever else may be said of them—and I speak of them with deference and reserve, because men for whom one must have a great regard have compiled them—they do not seem to me to be calculated either to create or satisfy a wise taste for 10 literature in any worthy sense. To fill a man with a hundred parcels of heterogeneous scraps from the *Mahabharata*, and the *Sheking*, down to *Pickwick* and *White's Selborne*, may pass the time, but I cannot perceive how it would strengthen or instruct or delight. 15 For instance, it is a mistake to think that every book that has a great name in the history of books or of thought is worth reading. Some of the most famous books are least worth reading. Their fame was due to their doing something that needed in their day to 20 be done. The work done, the virtue of the book expires. Again, I agree with those who say that the steady working down one of these lists would end in the manufacture of that obnoxious product—the prig. A prig has been defined as an animal that is overfed 25 for its size. || I think that these bewildering miscellanies would lead to an immense quantity of that kind of overfeeding. The object of reading is not to dip into everything that even wise men have ever written. In the words of one of the most winning writers of 30 English that ever existed—Cardinal Newman—the object of literature in education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its own

faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address, and expression. These are the objects of that intellectual perfection which a literary education is destined to give. I will not venture on a list of a hundred books, but will recommend you 5 instead to one book well worthy of your attention. Those who are curious as to what they should read in the region of pure literature will do well to peruse Mr. Frederic Harrison's admirable volume, called *The Choice of Books*. You will find there as much wise 10 thought, eloquently and brilliantly put, as in any volume of its size and on its subject, whether it be in the list of a hundred or not.

Let me pass to another topic. We are often asked whether it is best to study subjects, or authors, or 15 books. Well, I think that is like most of the stock questions with which the perverse ingenuity of mankind torments itself. There is no universal and exclusive answer. My own answer is a very plain one. It is sometimes best to study books, sometimes authors, 20 and sometimes subjects; but at all times it is best to study authors, subjects, and books in connection with one another. Whether you make your first approach from interest in an author or in a book, the fruit will be only half gathered if you leave off without new 25 ideas and clearer lights both on the man and the matter. One of the noblest masterpieces in the literature of civil and political wisdom is to be found in Burke's three performances on the American war—his speech on Taxation in 1774, on Conciliation in 30 1775, and his letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol in 1777. I can only repeat to you what I have been saying in print and out of it for a good many years, and what I

believe more firmly as observation is enlarged by time and occasion, that these three pieces are the most perfect manual in all literature for the study of great affairs, whether for the purpose of knowledge or action.

5 "They are an example," as I have said before now, "an example without fault of all the qualities which the critic, whether a theorist or an actor, of great political situations should strive by night and by day to possess. If their subject were as remote as the

10 quarrel between the Corinthians and Corecya, or the war between Rome and the Allies, instead of a conflict to which the world owes the opportunity of one of the most important of political experiments, we should still have everything to learn from the author's treatment ;

15 the vigorous grasp of masses of compressed detail, the wide illumination from great principles of human experience, the strong and masculine feeling for the two great political ends of Justice and Freedom, the large and generous interpretation of expediency, the

20 morality, the vision, the noble temper." No student worthy of the name will lay aside these pieces, so admirable in their literary expression, so important for history, so rich in the lessons of civil wisdom, until he has found out something from other sources as to the

25 circumstances from which such writings arose, and as to the man whose resplendent genius inspired them. There are great personalities like Burke who march through history with voices like a clarion trumpet and something like the glitter of swords in their hands.

30 They are as interesting as their work. Contact with them warms and kindles the mind. You will not be content, after reading one of these pieces, without knowing the character and personality of the man who

conceived it, and until you have spent an hour or two—and an hour or two will go a long way with Burke still fresh in your mind—over other compositions in political literature, over Bacon's civil pieces, or Machiavelli's *Prince*, and others in the same order of 5 thought.

This points to the right answer to another question that is constantly asked. We are constantly asked whether desultory reading is among things lawful and permitted. May we browse at large in a library, as 10 Johnson said, or is it forbidden to open a book without a definite aim and fixed expectations? I am for a compromise. If a man has once got his general point of view, if he has striven with success to place himself at the centre, what follows is of less consequence. If 15 he has got in his head a good map of the country, he may ramble at large with impunity. If he has once well and truly laid the foundations of a methodical, systematic habit of mind, what he reads will find its way to its proper place. If his intellect is in good 20 order, he will find in every quarter something to assimilate and something that will nourish.

Next I am going to deal with another question, with which perhaps I ought to have started. What is literature? It has often been defined. Emerson says 25 it is a record of the best thoughts, "By literature." says another author, "we mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way that shall give pleasure to the reader." A third account is that "the aim of a student of literature is to 30 know the best that has been thought in the world." Definitions always appear to me in these things to be in the nature of vanity. I feel that the attempt to

be compact in the definition of literature ends in something that is rather meagre, partial, starved, and unsatisfactory. I turn to the answer given by a great French writer to a question not quite the same, viz.

- 5 "What is a classic?" Literature consists of a whole body of classics in the true sense of the word, and a classic, as Sainte-Beuve defines him, is an "author who has enriched the human mind, who has really added to its treasure, who has got it to take a step further; who
10 has discovered some unequivocal moral truth, or penetrated to some eternal passion, in that heart of man where it seemed as though all were known and explored, who has produced his thought, or his observation, or his invention under some form, no
15 matter what, so it be great, large, acute, and reasonable, sane, and beautiful in itself; who has spoken to all in a style of his own, yet a style which finds itself the style of everybody,—in a style that is at once new and antique, and is the contemporary of all the ages."
20 Another Frenchman, Doudan, who died in 1872, has an excellent passage on the same subject:—

"The man of letters properly so called is a rather singular being: he does not look at things exactly with his own eyes, he has not impressions of his own, we
25 could not discover the imagination with which he started. 'Tis a tree on which have been grafted Homer, Virgil, Milton, Dante, Petrarch; hence have grown peculiar flowers which are not natural, and yet which are not artificial. Study has given to the man of
30 letters something of the reverie of René; with Homer he has looked upon the plain of Troy, and there has remained in his brain some of the light of the Grecian sky; he has taken a little of the pensive lustre of

Virgil, as he wanders by his side on the slopes of the Aventine; he sees the world as Milton saw it, through the grey mists of England, as Dante saw it, through the clear and glowing light of Italy. Of all these colours he composes for himself a colour that is unique⁵ and his own; from all these glasses by which his life passes on its journey to the real world, there is formed a special tint, and that is what makes the imagination of men of letters."

At a single hearing you may not take all that in;¹⁰ but if you should have any opportunity of recurring to it, you will find this a satisfactory, full, and instructive account of what is a classic, and will find in it a full and satisfactory account of what those who have thought most on literature hope to get from it, and most would desire¹⁵ to confer upon others by it. Literature consists of all the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form. My notion of the literary student is one who through books explores the²⁰ strange voyages of man's moral reason, the impulses of the human heart, the chances and changes that have overtaken human ideals of virtue and happiness, of conduct and manners, and the shifting fortunes of great conceptions of truth and virtue. Poets, dramatists,²⁵ humorists, satirists, masters of fiction, the great preachers, the character-writers, the maxim-writers, the great political orators—they are all literature in so far as they teach us to know man and to know human nature. This is what makes literature, rightly sifted³⁰ and selected and rightly studied, not the mere elegant trifling that it is so often and so erroneously supposed to be, but a proper instrument for a systematic training

of the imagination and sympathies, and of a genial and varied moral sensibility.

From this point of view let me remind you that books are not the products of accident and caprice. As
5 Goethe said, if you would understand an author, you must understand his age. The same thing is just as true of a book. If you would fully comprehend it, you must know the age. There is an order; there are causes and relations between great compositions and
10 the societies in which they have emerged. Just as the naturalist strives to understand and to explain the distribution of plants and animals over the surface of the globe, to connect their presence or their absence with the great geological, climatic, and oceanic changes,
15 so the student of literature, if he be wise, undertakes an ordered and connected survey of ideas, of tastes, of sentiments, of imagination, of humour, of invention, as they affect and as they are affected by the ever changing experiences of human nature, and the manifold varia-
20 tions that time and circumstances are incessantly working in human society.

Those who are possessed, and desire to see others possessed, by that conception of literary study must watch with the greatest sympathy and admiration the
25 efforts of those who are striving so hard, and, I hope, so successfully, to bring the systematic and methodical study of our own literature, in connection with other literatures, among subjects for teaching and examination in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. I regard
30 those efforts with the liveliest interest and sympathy. Everybody agrees that an educated man ought to have a general notion of the course of the great outward events of European history. So, too, an educated man

ought to have a general notion of the course of all those inward thoughts and moods which find their expression in literature. I think that in cultivating the study of literature, as I have perhaps too laboriously endeavoured to define it, you will be cultivating the most important 5 side of history. Knowledge of it gives stability and substance to character. It furnishes a view of the ground we stand on. It builds up a solid backing of precedent and experience. It teaches us where we are. It protects us against imposture and surprise. 10

Before closing I should like to say one word upon the practice of composition. I have suffered, by the chance of life, many things from the practice of composition. It has been my lot, I suppose, to read more unpublished work than any one else in this 15 room.

There is an idea, and, I venture to think, a very mistaken idea, that you cannot have a taste for literature unless you are yourself an author. I make bold entirely to demur to that proposition. It is practically 20 most mischievous, and leads scores and even hundreds of people to waste their time in the most unprofitable manner that the wit of man can devise, on work in which they can no more achieve even the most moderate excellence than they can compose a Ninth 25 Symphony or paint a Transfiguration. It is a terrible error to suppose that because one is happily able to relish "Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyll, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie," therefore a solemn mission calls you to run off to write bad verse at the 30 Lakes or the Isle of Wight. I beseech you not all to turn to authorship. I will even venture, with all respect to those who are teachers of literature, to doubt

the excellence and utility of the practice of over-much essay-writing and composition. I have very little faith in rules of style, though I have an unbounded faith in the virtue of cultivating direct and precise expression.

5 But you must carry on the operation inside the mind, and not merely by practising literary deportment on paper. It is not everybody who can command the mighty rhythm of the greatest masters of human speech. But every one can make reasonably sure that he knows

10 what he means, and whether he has found the right word. These are internal operations, and are not forwarded by writing for writing's sake. Everybody must be urgent for attention to expression, if that attention be exercised in the right way. It has been said a

15 million times that the foundation of right expression in speech or writing is sincerity. That is as true now as it has ever been. Right expression is a part of character. As somebody has said, by learning to speak with precision, you learn to think with correctness; and

20 the way to firm and vigorous speech lies through the cultivation of high and noble sentiments. So far as my observation has gone, men will do better if they seek precision by studying carefully and with an open mind and a vigilant eye the great models of writing, than by

25 excessive practice of writing on their own account.

Much might here be said on what is one of the most important of all the sides of literary study. I mean its effect as helping to preserve the dignity and the purity of the English language. That noble instrument

30 has never been exposed to such dangers as those which beset it to-day. Domestic slang, scientific slang, pseudo-æsthetic affectations, hideous importations from American newspapers, all bear down with horrible force upon

the glorious fabric which the genius of our race has reared. I will say nothing of my own on this pressing theme, but will read to you a passage of weight and authority from the greatest master of mighty and beautiful speech.

5

"Whoever in a state," said Milton, "knows how wisely to form the manners of men and to rule them at home and in war with excellent institutes, him in the first place, above others, I should esteem worthy of all honour. But next to him the man who strives to 10 establish in maxims and rules the method and habit of speaking and writing received from a good age of the nation, and, as it were, to fortify the same round with a kind of wall, the daring to overleap which let a law only short of that of Romulus be used to prevent. . . . 15 The one, as I believe, supplies noble courage and intrepid counsels against an enemy invading the territory. The other takes to himself the task of extirpating and defeating, by means of a learned detective police of ears, and a light band of good authors, that 20 barbarism which makes large inroads upon the minds of men, and is a destructive intestine enemy of genius. Nor is it to be considered of small consequence what language, pure or corrupt, a people has, or what is their customary degree of propriety in speaking it. . . . For, 25 let the words of a country be in part unhandsome and offensive in themselves, in part debased by wear and wrongly uttered, and what do they declare, but, by no light indication, that the inhabitants of that country are an indolent, idly-yawning race, with minds already 30 long prepared for any amount of servility? On the other hand, we have never heard that any empire, any state, did not at least flourish in a middling degree as

long as its own liking and care for its language lasted."¹

The probabilities are that we are now coming to an epoch of a quieter style. There have been in our
5 generation three strong masters in the art of prose writing. There was, first of all, Carlyle, there was Macaulay, and there is Mr. Ruskin. These are all giants, and they have the rights of giants. But I do not believe that a greater misfortune can befall the students
10 who attend classes here, than that they should strive to write like any one of these three illustrious men. I think it is the worst thing that can happen to them. They can never attain to the high mark which they have set before themselves. It is not everybody who
15 can bend the bow of Ulysses, and most men only do themselves a mischief by trying to bend it. If we are now on our way to a quieter style, I am not sorry for it. Truth is quiet. Milton's phrase ever lingers in our minds as one of imperishable beauty—where he regrets
20 that he is drawn by I know not what, from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. Moderation and judgment are, for most purposes, more than the flash and the glitter even of the genius. I hope that your professors
25 of rhetoric will teach you to cultivate that golden art—the steadfast use of a language in which truth can be told; a speech that is strong by natural force, and not merely effective by declamation; an utterance without trick, without affectation, without mannerisms,
30 without any of that excessive ambition which overleaps itself as disastrously in prose writing as in so many other things.

¹ Letter to Bonmattei, from Florence, 1638.

I will detain you no longer. I hope that I have made it clear that we conceive the end of education on its literary side to be to make a man and not a cyclopædia, to make a citizen and not an album of elegant extracts. Literature does not end with knowledge of 5 forms, with inventories of books and authors, with finding the key of rhythm, with the varying measure of the stanza, or the changes from the involved and sonorous periods of the seventeenth century down to the *staccato* of the nineteenth, or all the rest of the 10 technicalities of scholarship. Do not think I condemn these. They are all good things to know, but they are not ends in themselves. The intelligent man, says Plato, will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and he 15 will less value the others. Literature is one of the instruments, and one of the most powerful instruments, for forming character, for giving us men and women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage, and inspired by that public 20 spirit and public virtue of which it has been well said that they are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man. Bacon is right, as he generally is, when he bids us read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to 25 weigh and to consider. Yes, let us read to weigh and to consider. In the times before us that promise or threaten deep political, economical, and social controversy, what we need to do is to induce our people to weigh and consider. We want them to cultivate energy 30 without impatience, activity without restlessness, inflexibility without ill-humour. I am not going to preach to you any artificial stoicism. I am not going to preach

to you any indifference to money, or to the pleasures of social intercourse, or to the esteem and good-will of our neighbours, or to any other of the consolations and necessities of life. But, after all, the thing that matters
 5 most, both for happiness and for duty, is that we should strive habitually to live with wise thoughts and right feelings. Literature helps us more than other studies to this most blessed companionship of wise thoughts and right feelings, and so I have taken this opportunity
 10 of earnestly commending it to your interest and care.

BROWNING

XLV.—The Lost Leader

I.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver, 5
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:
 How all our copper had gone for his service!
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, 10
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their
 graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the freeman, 15
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire: 20
Blot out his name, then,—record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us! 25
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,
Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own; 30
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

XLVI.—Rabbi Ben Ezra

I.

GROW old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned, 5
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be
afraid!"

II.

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars, 10
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends
them all!"

III.

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark! 15
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

IV.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed 20
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
crammed beast?

V.

Rejoice we are allied 25
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must
believe. 30

VI.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain; 35
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the
throe!

VII.

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be, 40
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the
scale.

VIII.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play? 45
To man propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

IX.

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse 50
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and
learn?"

X.

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
 I see the whole design,
 I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
 Perfect I call Thy plan:
 Thanks that I was a man!
 Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt
 do!" 55 60

XI.

For pleasant is this flesh;
 Our soul, in its rose-mesh
 Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
 Would we some prize might hold
 To match those manifold 65
 Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

XII.

Let us not always say
 "Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
 As the bird wings and sings, 70
 Let us cry "All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
 helps soul!"

XIII.

Therefore I summon age
 To grant youth's heritage,
 Life's struggle having so far reached its term: 75
 Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for aye removed
 From the developed brute; a god though in the germ.

XIV.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone 80
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

XV.

Youth ended, I shall try 85
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old. 90

XVI.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest, 95
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

XVII.

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main, 100
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

XVIII.

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day: 105
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

XIX.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth, 110
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedest age: wait death nor be
afraid!

XX.

Enough now, if the Right 115
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel
alone. 120

XXI.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained, 125
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at
last!

XXII.

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes 130
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul
believe?

XXIII.

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price; 135
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

XXIV.

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb, 140
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
amount:

XXV.

Thoughts hardly to be packed 145
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
shaped. 150

XXVI.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round, 155
 "Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize
 to-day!"

XXVII.

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
 What entered into thee, 160
That was, is, and shall be:
 Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay
 endure.

XXVIII.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest: 165
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

XXIX.

What though the earlier grooves
 Which ran the laughing loves 170
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Scull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

XXX.

Look thou not down but up!

175

To uses of a cup,

The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,

The new wine's foaming flow,

The Master's lips a-glow!

Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou
with earth's wheel?

180

XXXI.

But I need, now as then,

Thee, God, who moulded men;

And since, not even while the whirl was worst,

Did I,—to the wheel of life

With shapes and colours rife,

185

Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

XXXII.

So, take and use Thy work:

Amend what flaws may lurk,

What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!

My times be in Thy hand!

190

Perfect the cup as planned!

Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
same!

HARRISON

XLVII.—The Choice of Books

HOW TO READ

It is the fashion for those who have any connection
with letters to expatiate on the infinite blessings of

literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press: to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to
5 discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature—the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of brain in aimless, promiscuous, vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst
10 thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the man who wrote it? The brightest genius seldom puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some
15 famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? To put out of the question that writing which is positively bad,
20 are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it
25 is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from
30 our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding

What are we to do?

parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for desultory "information"—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two evils I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature. 10

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented—a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we 15 are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, joined to the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, whilst a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and un- 25 known to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach—an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance 30 what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark

even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat! For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful help to reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information," the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. The incessant accumulation of fresh books must hinder any real knowledge of the old; for the multiplicity of volumes becomes a bar upon our use of any. In literature especially does it hold—that we cannot see the wood for the trees.

How shall we choose our books? Which are the best, the eternal, indispensable books? To all to whom reading is something more than a refined idleness these questions recur, bringing with them the sense of bewilderment; and a still, small voice within us is for ever crying out for some guide across the Slough of Despond of an illimitable and ever-swelling literature. How many a man stands beside it, as uncertain of his pathway as the Pilgrim, when he who dreamed the immortal dream heard him "break out with a lamentable cry; saying, what shall I do?"

And this, which comes home to all of us at times, presses hardest upon those who have lost the opportunity of systematic education, who have to educate themselves, or who seek to guide the education of their young people. Systematic reading is but little in favour even amongst studious men; in a true sense it is hardly possible for women. A comprehensive course of home study, and a guide to books, fit for the highest education of women, is yet a blank page

remaining to be filled. Generations of men of culture have laboured to organise a system of reading and materials appropriate for the methodical education of men in academic lines. Teaching equal in mental calibre to any that is open to men in universities, yet ⁵ modified for the needs of those who must study at home, remains in the dim pages of that melancholy volume entitled *Libri valde desiderati*.

I do not aspire to fill one of those blank pages; but I long to speak a word or two, as the Pilgrim did to 10 Neighbour Pliable, upon the glories that await those who will pass through the narrow wicket-gate. On this, if one can find anything useful to say, it may be chiefly from the memory of the waste labour and pitiful stumbling in the dark, which fill up so much of 15 the travail that one is fain to call one's own education. We who have wandered in the wastes so long, and lost so much of our lives in our wandering, may at least offer warnings to younger wayfarers, as men who in thorny paths have borne the heat and burden of the 20 day might give a clue to their journey to those who have yet a morning and a noon. As I look back and think of those cataracts of printed stuff which honest compositors set up, meaning, let us trust, no harm, and which at least found them in daily bread,—printed stuff ²⁵ which I and the rest of us, to our infinitely small profit, have consumed with our eyes, not even making an honest living of it, but much impairing our substance,—I could almost reckon the printing press as amongst the scourges of mankind. I am grown a wiser and a ³⁰ sadder man, importunate, like that Ancient Mariner, to tell each blithe wedding guest the tale of his shipwreck on the infinite sea of printers' ink, as one escaped by

mercy and grace from the region where there is water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink.

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, "as good almost
5 kill a Man as kill a good Book." But has he not also said that he would "have a vigilant eye how Bookes demeane themselves, as well as men; and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors?"... Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious
10 hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life;" they
"spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up
15 in Bookes." For in the wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, *must* strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality rather than a life," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and
20 buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present;
25 their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble
"doggrel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron,
30 if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatise, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the

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Harrison

republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't;" and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the gravedigger in Hamlet, is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions. 10

But this noble equality of all writers—of all writers and of all readers—has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they entrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf? 15

If any person given to reading were honestly to keep a register of all the printed stuff that he or she consumes in a year—all the idle tales of which the very names and the story are forgotten in a week, the bookmaker's prattle about nothing at so much a sheet, the fugitive trifling about silly things and empty 20

people, the memoirs of the unmemorable, and lives of those who never really lived at all—of what a mountain of rubbish would it be the catalogue! Exercises for the eye and the memory, as mechanical as if we set
5 ourselves to learn the names, ages, and family histories of every one who lives in our own street, the flirtations of their maiden aunts, and the circumstances surrounding the birth of their grandmother's first baby.

It is impossible to give any method to our reading
10 till we get nerve enough to reject. The most exclusive and careful amongst us will (in literature) take boon companions out of the street, as easily as an idler in a tavern. "I came across such and such a book that I never heard mentioned," says one, "and found it curious,
15 though entirely worthless." "I strayed on a volume by I know not whom, on a subject for which I never cared." And so on. There are curious and worthless creatures enough in any pot-house all day long; and there is incessant talk in omnibus, train, or street by
20 we know not whom, about we care not what. Yet if a printer and a bookseller can be induced to make this gabble as immortal as print and publication can make it, then it straightway is literature, and in due time it becomes "curious."

25 I have no intention to moralise or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which by itself is no doubt
30 harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those

precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honourable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a fair proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books, as books, are entitled *a priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, some worthless book on the mere ground that we never heard of it before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books

or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet, run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organisation or dis-organisation have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to master. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favourable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the præns that they chant over the works which issue from the press each day: how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I

have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfil that promise? The Nile is the source of 5 the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the 10 last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which 15 it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off 20 from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place—I would rather say in some large 25 steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually—if it be not rather some noisy book-fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast 30 with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight

to the epic heaven, practising his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading the ancient writers—

“Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.”

5 Who now reads the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the *Paradise Lost* is lost again to us
10 beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, who married his great aunt, and why
15 Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the *Paradise Lost*, but the *Paradise Lost* itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading
20 in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as
25 the verse of any age in our history. A great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many, to assert that a decent readable book which
30 gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion, and a solid gain. Possibly many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist

for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: What are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind. 10

Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose—every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance, is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven 15 out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information, *i.e.* the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to 20 study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field 25 before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. 30 We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds—is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite

opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of
5 the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic know-
10 ledge and consistent powers of thought, as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

The Choice of Books is really the choice of our education, of a moral and intellectual ideal, of the whole
15 duty of man. But though I shrink from any so high a theme, a few words are needed to indicate my general point of view in the matter.

In the first place, when we speak about books, let us avoid the extravagance of expecting too much from
20 books, the pedant's habit of extolling books as synonymous with education. Books are no more education than laws are virtue; and just as profligacy is easy within the strict limits of law, a boundless knowledge of books may be found with a narrow education. A
25 man may be, as the poet saith, "deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself." We need to know in order that we may feel rightly, and act wisely. The thirst after truth itself may be pushed to a degree where indulgence enfeebles our sympathies and unnerves us
30 in action. Of all men perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing.

A healthy mode of reading would follow the lines of a sound education. And the first canon of a sound education is to make it the instrument to perfect the whole nature and character. Its aims are comprehensive, not special; they regard life as a whole, not mental curiosity; they have to give us, not so much materials, as capacities. So that, however moderate and limited the opportunity for education, in its way it should be always more or less symmetrical and balanced, appealing equally in turn to the three grand intellectual elements—imagination, memory, reflection: and so having something to give us in poetry, in history, in science and in philosophy.

And thus our reading will be sadly one-sided, however voluminous it be, if it entirely close to us any of the great types and ideals which the creative instinct of man has produced, if it shut out from us either the ancient world, or other European poetry, as important almost as our own. When our reading, however deep, runs wholly into "pockets," and exhausts itself in the literature of one age, one country, one type, then we may be sure that it is tending to narrow or deform our minds. And the more it leads us into curious byways and nurtures us into indifference for the beaten highways of the world, the sooner we shall end, if we be not specialists and students by profession, in ceasing to treat our books as the companions and solace of our lifetime, and in using them as the instruments of a refined sort of self-indulgence.

A wise education, and so judicious reading, should leave no great type of thought, no dominant phase of human nature, wholly a blank. Whether our reading be great or small, so far as it goes, it should be general.

If our lives admit of but a short space for reading, all the more reason that, so far as may be, it should remind us of the vast expanse of human thought, and the wonderful variety of human nature. To read, 5 and yet so to read, that we see nothing but a corner of literature, the loose fringe, or flats and wastes of letters, and by reading only deepen our natural belief that this island is the hub of the universe, and the nineteenth century the only age worth notice, all this 10 is really to call in the aid of books to thicken and harden our untaught prejudices. Be it imagination, memory, or reflection that we address—that is, in poetry, history, science or philosophy, our first duty is to aim at knowing something at least of the best, at 15 getting some definite idea of the mighty realm whose outer rim we are permitted to approach.

But how are we to know the best; how are we to gain this definite idea of the vast world of letters? There are some who appear to suppose that the 20 “best” are known only to experts in an esoteric way, who may reveal to inquirers what schoolboys and betting men describe as “tips.” There are no “tips” in literature; the “best” authors are never dark horses; we need no “crammers” and “coaches” to 25 thrust us into the presence of the great writers of all time. “Crammers” will only lead us wrong. It is a thing far easier and more common than many imagine, to discover the best. It needs no research, no learning, and is only misguided by recondite information. The world has long ago closed the great 30 assize of letters, and judged the first places everywhere. In such a matter the judgment of the world, guided and informed by a long succession of accom-

plished critics, is almost unerring. When some Zoilus finds blemishes in Homer, and prefers, it may be, the work of some Apollonius of his own discovering, we only laugh. There may be doubts about the third and the fourth rank; but the first and the second are hardly open to discussion. The gates which lead to the Elysian fields may slowly wheel back on their adamantine hinges to admit now and then some new and chosen modern. But the company of the masters of those who know, and in especial degree of the great poets, is a roll long closed and complete, and they who are of it hold ever peaceful converse together.

Hence we may find it a useful maxim that, if our reading be utterly closed to the great poems of the world, there is something amiss with our reading. If you find Milton, Dante, Calderon, Goethe, so much "Hebrew-Greek" to you; if your Homer and Virgil, your Molière and Scott, rest year after year undisturbed on their shelves beside your school trigonometry and your old college text-books; if you have never opened the *Cid*, the *Nibelungen*, *Crusoe*, and *Don Quixote* since you were a boy, and are wont to leave the Bible and the Imitation for some wet Sunday afternoon—know, friend, that your reading can do you little real good. Your mental digestion is ruined or sadly out of order. No doubt, to thousands of intelligent educated men who call themselves readers, the reading through a Canto of *The Purgatorio*, or a Book of the *Paradise Lost*, is a task as irksome as it would be to decipher an ill-written manuscript in a language that is almost forgotten. But, although we are not to be always reading epics, and are chiefly in the mood for slighter things, to be absolutely unable to read Milton or

Dante with enjoyment, is to be in a very bad way. Aristophanes, Theocritus, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Molière are often as light as the driven foam; but they are not light enough for the general reader. Their humour is too bright and lovely for the groundlings. They are, alas! "classics," somewhat apart from our everyday ways; they are not banal enough for us; and so for us they slumber "unknown in a long night," just *because* they are immortal poets, and are not scribblers of to-day.

When will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift, at least not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life? *Ceci tuera cela*, the last great poet might have said of the first circulating library. An insatiable appetite for new novels makes it as hard to read a masterpiece as it seems to a Parisian boulevardier to live in a quiet country. Until a man can truly enjoy a draft of clear water bubbling from a mountain side, his taste is in an unwholesome state. And so he who finds the Heliconian spring insipid should look to the state of his nerves. Putting aside the iced air of the difficult mountain tops of epic, tragedy, or psalm, there are some simple pieces which may serve as an unerring test of a healthy or a vicious taste for imaginative work. If the *Oid*, the *Vita Nuova*, the *Canterbury Tales*, Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, and *Lycidas* pall on a man; if he care not for Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Red Cross Knight*; if he thinks *Crusoe* and the *Vicar* books for the young; if he thrill not with *The Ode to the West Wind*, and *The Ode to a Grecian Urn*; if he have no stomach for *Christabel* or the lines written on *The Wye above Tintern*

Abbey, he should fall on his knees and pray for a cleaner and quieter spirit.

The intellectual system of most of us in these days needs "to purge and to live cleanly." Only by a course of treatment shall we bring our minds to feel at peace with the grand pure works of the world. Something we ought all to know of the masterpieces of antiquity, and of the other nations of Europe. To understand a great national poet, such as Dante, Calderon, Corneille, or Goethe, is to know other types of human civilisation in ways which a library of histories does not sufficiently teach. The great masterpieces of the world are thus, quite apart from the charm and solace they give us, the master instruments of a solid education.

15

LOWELL

XLVIII.—Ode

I.

In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,

The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife;

He saw the mysteries which circle under

The outward shell and skin of daily life.

Nothing to him were fleeting time and fashion,

His soul was led by the eternal law;

There was in him no hope of fame, no passion,

But, with calm, god-like eyes, he only saw.

He did not sigh o'er heroes dead and buried,

Chief-mourner at the Golden Age's hearse,

5

10

Nor deem that souls whom Charon grim had ferried
Alone were fitting themes of epic verse :
He could believe the promise of to-morrow,
And feel the wondrous meaning of to-day ;
He had a deeper faith in holy sorrow 15
Than the world's seeming loss could take away.
To know the heart of all things was his duty,
All things did sing to him to make him wise,
And, with a sorrowful and conquering beauty,
The soul of all looked grandly from his eyes. 20
He gazed on all within him and without him,
He watched the flowing of Time's steady tide,
And shapes of glory floated all about him
And whispered to him, and he prophesied.
Than all men he more fearless was and freer, 25
And all his brethren cried with one accord,—
"Behold the holy man! Behold the Seer!
Him who hath spoken with the Unseen Lord!"
He to his heart with large embrace had taken
The universal sorrow of mankind, 30
And, from that root, a shelter never shaken,
The tree of wisdom grew with sturdy rind.
He could interpret well the wondrous voices
Which to the calm and silent spirit come ;
He knew that the One Soul no more rejoices 35
In the star's anthem than the insect's hum ;
He in his heart was ever meek and humble,
And yet with kingly pomp his numbers ran,
As he foresaw how all things false should crumble
Before the free, uplifted soul of man : 40
And, when he was made full to overflowing
With all the loveliness of heaven and earth,
Out rushed his song, like molten iron glowing,

To show God sitting by the humblest hearth.
With calmest courage he was ever ready 45
To teach that action was the truth of thought,
And, with strong arm and purpose firm and steady,
An anchor for the drifting world he wrought.
So did he make the meanest man partaker
Of all his brother-gods unto him gave; 50
All souls did reverence him and name and Maker,
And when he died heaped temples on his grave.
And still his deathless words of light are swimming
Serene throughout the great, deep infinite
Of human soul, unwaning and undimming, 55
To cheer and guide the mariner at night.

II.

But now the Poet is an empty rhymer
Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,
And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,
To all men's prides and fancies as they pass. 60
Not his the song, which, in its metre holy,
Chimes with the music of the eternal stars,
Humbling the tyrant, lifting up the lowly,
And sending sun through the soul's prison-bars.
Maker no more,—oh, no! unmaker rather, 65
For he unmakes who doth not all put forth
The power given freely by our loving Father
To show the body's dross, the spirit's worth.
Awake! great spirit of the ages olden!
Disperse the mists that hide thy starry lyre, 70
And let man's soul be yet again beholden
To thee for wings to soar to her desire.
Oh, prophesy no more to-morrow's splendour,
Be no more shame-faced to speak out for Truth,

Lay on her altar all the gushings tender, 75
The hope, the fire, the loving faith of youth.
Oh, prophesy no more the Maker's coming,
Say not his onward footsteps thou canst hear
In the dim void, like to the awful humming
Of the great wings of some new-lighted sphere! 80
Oh, prophesy no more, but be the Poet!
This longing was but granted unto thee
That, when all beauty thou couldst feel and know it,
That beauty in its highest thou shouldst be.
Oh, thou who moanest tost with sealike longings, 85
Who dimly hearest voices call on thee,
Whose soul is overfilled with mighty throngings
Of love, and fear, and glorious agony,
Thou of the toil-strung hands and iron sinews,
And soul by Mother Earth with freedom fed, 90
In whom the hero-spirit yet continues,
The old free nature is not chained or dead,
Arouse! let thy soul break in music-thunder,
Let loose the ocean that is in thee pent,
Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love, thy wonder, 95
And tell the age what all its signs have meant.
Where'er thy wildered crowd of brethren jostles,
Where'er there lingers but a shade of wrong,
There still is need for martyrs and apostles,
There still are texts for never-dying song: 100
From age to age man's still aspiring spirit
Finds wider scope and sees with clearer eyes,
And thou in larger measure dost inherit
What made thy great forerunners free and wise:
Sit thou enthroned where the Poet's mountain 105
Above the thunder lifts its silent peak,
And roll thy songs down like a gathering fountain,

They all may drink and find the rest they seek.
Sing! there shall silence grow in earth and heaven,
A silence of deep awe and wondering; 110
For, listening gladly, bend the angels, even,
To hear a mortal like an angel sing.

III.

Among the toil-worn poor my soul is seeking
For one to bring the Maker's name to light,
To be the voice of that Almighty speaking 115
Which every age demands to do it right.
Proprieties our silken bards environ;
He who would be the tongue of this wide land
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron
And strike it with a toil-imbrowned hand; 120
One who hath dwelt with Nature well attended,
Who hath learnt wisdom from her mystic books,
Whose soul with all her countless lives have blended,
So that all beauty awes us in his looks;
Who not with body's waste his soul hath pampered, 125
Who as the clear north-western wind is free,
Who walks with Form's observances unhampered,
And follows the One Will obediently;
Whose eyes, like windows on a breezy summit,
Control a lovely prospect every way; 130
Who doth not sound God's sea with earthly plummet,
And find a bottom still of worthless clay;
Who heeds not how the lower gusts are working,
Knowing that one sure wind blows on above,
And sees, beneath the foulest faces lurking, 135
One God-built shrine of reverence and love;
Who sees all stars that wheel their shining marches
Around the centre fixed of Destiny,

Where the encircling soul serene o'erarches
The moving globe of being like a sky ; 140
Who feels that God and Heaven's great deeps are
nearer
Him to whose heart his fellowman is nigh ;
Who doth not hold his soul's own freedom dearer
Than that of all his brethren, low or high ;
Who to the Right can feel himself the truer 145
For being gently patient with the Wrong,
Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,
And finds in Love the Heart's blood of his song ;—
This, this is he for whom the world is waiting
To sing the beatings of its mighty heart, 150
Too long hath it been patient with the grating
Of scannell-pipes, and heard it misnamed Art.
To him the smiling soul of man shall listen,
Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,
And once again in every eye shall glisten 155
The glory of a nature satisfied.
His verse shall have a great, commanding motion,
Heaving and swelling with a melody
Learnt of the sky, the river, and the ocean,
And all the pure, majestic things that be. 160
Awake, then, thou ! we pine for thy great presence
To make us feel the soul once more sublime,
We are of far too infinite an essence
To rest contented with the lies of Time.
Speak out ! and lo ! a hush of deepest wonder 165
Shall sink o'er all this many-voiced scene,
As when a sudden burst of rattling thunder
Shatters the blueness of a sky serene.

CARLYLE.

XLIX.—The Waverley Novels.

WITH respect to the literary character of these Waverley Novels, so extraordinary in their commercial character, there remains, after so much reviewing, good and bad, little that it were profitable at present to say. The great fact about them is, that they were faster written 5 and better paid for than any other books in the world. It must be granted, moreover, that they have a worth far surpassing what is usual in such cases; nay, that if Literature had no task but that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men, here was the very per- 10 fection of Literature; that a man, here more emphatically than ever elsewhere, might fling himself back, exclaiming, "Be mine to lie on this sofa, and read everlasting Novels of Walter Scott!" The composition, slight as it often is, usually hangs together in some 15 measure, and *is* a composition. There is a free flow of narrative, of incident and sentiment; an easy master-like coherence throughout, as if it were the free dash of a master's hand, "round as the O of Giotto." It is the perfection of extemporaneous writing. Further- 20 more, surely he were a blind critic who did not recognize here a certain genial sunshiny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures, very graceful, brilliant, occasionally full of grace and glowing brightness blended in the softest composure; 25 in fact, a deep sincere love of the beautiful in Nature and Man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by word. No fresher paintings of

Nature can be found than Scott's; hardly anywhere a wider sympathy with man. From David Deans up to Richard Coeur-de-Lion; from Meg Merrilies to Die Vernon and Queen Elizabeth! It is the utterance of
5 a man of open soul; of a brave, large, free-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general *healthiness* of mind, these Novels prove Scott to have been among the
10 foremost writers.

Neither in the higher and highest excellence, of drawing character, is he at any time altogether deficient; though at no time can we call him, in the best sense, successful. His Bailie Jarvies, Dinmonts, Dalgettys
15 (for their name is legion), do look and talk like what they give themselves out for; they are, if not *created* and made poetically alive, yet deceptively *enacted* as a good player might do them. What more is wanted, then? For a reader lying on a sofa, nothing more;
20 yet for another sort of reader, much. It were a long chapter to unfold the difference in drawing a character between a Scott, and a Shakspeare, a Goethe. Yet it is a difference literally immense; they are of different species; the value of the one is not to be counted in
25 the coin of the other. We might say in a short word, which means a long matter, that your Shakspeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them! The one set become
30 living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automations. Compare Fenella with Goethe's Mignon, which, it was once said, Scott had "done Goethe the

honour" to borrow. He has borrowed what he could of Mignon. The small stature, the climbing talent, the trickiness, the *mechanical case*, as we say, he has borrowed, but the soul of Mignon is left behind. Fenella is an unfavourable specimen for Scott; but it 5 illustrates, in the aggravated state, what is traceable in all the characters he drew.

To the same purport indeed we are to say that these famed books are altogether addressed to the every-day mind; that for any other mind there is 10 next to no nourishment in them. Opinions, emotions, principles, doubts, beliefs, beyond what the intelligent country gentleman can carry along with him, are not to be found. It is orderly, customary, it is prudent, decent; nothing more. One would say, it lay not in 15 Scott to give much more; getting out of the ordinary range, and attempting the heroic, which is but seldom the case, he falls almost at once into the rose-pink sentimental,—descries the Minerva Press from afar, and hastily quits that course; for none better than he 20 knew it to lead nowhither. On the whole, contrasting *Waverley*, which was carefully written, with most of its followers, which were written extempore, one may regret the extempore method. Something very perfect in its kind might have come from Scott; nor was 25 it a low kind: nay, who knows how high, with studious self-concentration, he might have gone; what wealth Nature had implanted in him, which his circumstances, most unkind while seeming to be kindest, had never impelled him to unfold? 30

But after all, in the loudest blaring and trumpeting of popularity, it is ever to be held in mind, as a truth remaining true for ever, that Literature *has* other aims

than that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men :
or, if Literature have them not, then Literature is a
very poor affair ; and something else must have them,
and must accomplish them, with thanks or without
5 thanks ; the thankful or thankless world were not
long a world otherwise ! Under this head there is
little to be sought or found in the Waverley Novels.
Not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification,
for building up or elevating, in any shape ! The sick
10 heart will find no healing here, the darkly-struggling
heart no guidance : the Heroic that is in all men no
divine awakening voice. We say, therefore, that they
do not found themselves on deep interests, but on
comparatively trivial ones ; not on the perennial,
15 perhaps not even on the lasting. In fact, much of
the interest of these Novels results from what may be
called contrasts of costume. The phraseology, fashion
of arms, of dress and life, belonging to one age, is
brought suddenly with singular vividness before the
20 eyes of another. A great effect this ; yet by the very
nature of it, an altogether temporary one. Consider,
brethren, shall not we too one day be antiques, and
grow to have as quaint a costume as the rest ? The
stuffed Dandy, only give him *time*, will become one of
25 the wonderfulest mummies. In antiquarian museums,
only two centuries hence, the steeple-hat will hang on
the next peg to Franks and Company's patent, anti-
quarians deciding which is uglier ; and the Stulz
swallow-tail, one may hope, will seem as incredible as
30 any garment that ever made ridiculous the respectable
back of man. Not by slashed breeches, steeple-hats,
buff-belts, or antiquated speech, can romance-heroes
continue to interest us ; but simply and solely, in the

long-run, by being men. Buff-belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial. He that has gone deeper into this than other men, will be remembered longer than they; he that has not, not. Tried under this category, Scott,⁵ with his clear practical insight, joyous temper, and other sound faculties, is not to be accounted little,—among the ordinary circulating-library heroes he might well pass for a demi-god. Not little; yet neither is he great; there were greater, more than 10 one or two, in his own age; among the great of all ages, one sees no likelihood of a place for him.

What, then, is the result of these Waverley Romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more! As many generations as they can; but 15 not all generations: ah no, when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse!—Meanwhile, as we can discern, their results have been several-fold. First of all, and certainly not least of all, have they not perhaps had this result: 20 that a considerable portion of mankind has hereby been sated with mere amusement, and set on seeking something better? Amusement in the way of reading can go no farther, can do nothing better, by the power of man; and men ask, Is this what it can do? 25 Scott, we reckon, carried several things to their ultimatum and crisis, so that change became inevitable: a great service, though an indirect one.

Secondly, however, we may say, these Historical Novels have taught all men this truth, which looks 30 like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living

men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies and abstractions of men. Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with 5 passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features and vitalities of very men. It is a little world this; inclusive of great meaning! History will henceforth have to take thought of it. Her faint hearsays of "philosophy teaching by experience" will have to 10 exchange themselves everywhere for direct inspection and embodiment: this, and this only, will be counted experience; and till once experience have got in, philosophy will reconcile herself to wait at the door. It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that 15 Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him;—correspondent indeed to the substantial nature of the man; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him. . . .

20 Scott's career, of writing impromptu novels to buy farms with, was not of a kind to terminate voluntarily, but to accelerate itself more and more; and one sees not to what wise goal it could, in any case, have led him. Bookseller Constable's bankruptcy was not the 25 ruin of Scott; his ruin was, that ambition, and even false ambition, had laid hold of him; that his way of life was not wise. Whither could it lead? Where could it stop? New farms there remained ever to be bought, while new novels could pay for them. More 30 and more success but gave more and more appetite, more and more audacity. The impromptu writing must have waned ever thinner; declined faster and faster into the questionable category, into the con-

demnable, into the generally condemned. Already there existed, in secret, everywhere a considerable opposition party; witnesses of the Waverley miracles, but unable to believe in them, forced silently to protest against them. Such opposition party was in the sure 5 case to grow; and even, with the impromptu process ever going on, ever waxing thinner, to draw the world over to it. Silent protest must at length have come to words; harsh truths, backed by harsher facts of a world-popularity over-wrought and worn out, behoved 10 to have been spoken;—such as can be spoken now without reluctance, when they can pain the brave man's heart no more. Who knows? Perhaps it was better ordered to be all *otherwise*. Otherwise, at any rate, it was. One day the Constable mountain, which 15 seemed to stand strong like the other rock mountains, gave suddenly, as the icebergs do, a loud-sounding crack; suddenly, with huge clangour, shivered itself into ice-dust; and sank, carrying much along with it. In one day Scott's high-heaped money-wages became 20 fairy-money and nonentity; in one day the rich man and lord of land saw himself penniless, landless, a bankrupt among creditors.

It was a hard trial. He met it proudly, bravely,—like a brave proud man of the world. Perhaps there 25 had been a prouder way still: to have owned honestly that he *was* unsuccessful, then, all bankrupt, broken, in the world's goods and repute; and to have turned elsewhere for some refuge. Refuge did lie elsewhere; but it was not Scott's course, or fashion of mind, to 30 seek it there. To say, Hitherto I have been all in the wrong, and this my fame and pride, now broken, was an empty delusion and spell of accursed witchcraft!

It was difficult for flesh and blood! He said, I will retrieve myself, and make my point good yet, or die for it. Silently, like a proud strong man, he girt himself to the Hercules' task, of removing rubbish-
5 mountains, since that was it; of paying large ransoms by what he could still write and sell. In his declining years, too; misfortune is doubly and trebly unfortunate that befalls us then. Scott fell to his Hercules' task like a very man, and went on with it unweariedly;
10 with a noble cheerfulness, while his life-strings were cracking, he grappled with it, and wrestled with it, years long, in death-grips, strength to strength;—and *it* proved the stronger; and his life and heart did crack and break: the cordage of a most strong heart!
15 Over these last writings of Scott, his *Napoleons*, *Demonologies*, *Scotch Histories*, and the rest, criticism, finding still much to wonder at, much to commend, will utter no word of blame; this one word only, Woe is me! The noble war-horse that once laughed at the
20 shaking of the spear, how is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels! Scott's descent was like that of a spent projectile; rapid, straight down;—perhaps mercifully so. It is a tragedy, as all life is; one proof more that Fortune stands on a restless *globe*;
25 that Ambition, literary, warlike, politic, pecuniary, never yet profited any man....

And so the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not incon-
30 siderable. It can be said of him, When he departed, he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. Alas, his fine Scotch

face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it;—ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, 5 pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell.

LORD AVEBURY

L.—On Reading

Books are to Mankind what Memory is to the Individual. They contain the History of our race, the discoveries we have made, the accumulated knowledge 10 and experience of ages; they picture for us the marvels and beauties of Nature; help us in our difficulties, comfort us in sorrow and in suffering, change hours of ennui into moments of delight, store our minds with ideas, fill them with good and happy thoughts, which 15 lift us out of and above ourselves.

There is an Oriental story of two men: one was a king, who every night dreamt he was a beggar; the other was a beggar, who every night dreamt he was a prince and lived in a palace. I am not sure that the 20 king had very much the best of it. Imagination is sometimes more vivid than reality. But, however this may be, when we read we may not only (if we wish it) be kings and live in palaces, but, what is far better, we may transport ourselves to the mountains or the 25 sea-shore, and visit the most beautiful parts of the earth, without fatigue, inconvenience, or expense.

"Give me," says Fletcher—

"Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
 Contain my books, the best companions, is
 To me a glorious court, where hourly I
 5 Converse with the old sages and philosophers ;
 And sometimes for variety I confer
 With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels ;
 Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
 Into a strict account ; and in my fancy
 10 Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
 Part with such constant pleasures to embrace
 Uncertain vanities ? No, be it your care
 To augment a heap of wealth ; it shall be mine
 To increase in knowledge."

15 Books have often been compared to friends. But among our living companions, inexorable Death often carries off the best and brightest. In books, on the contrary, time kills the bad, and purifies the good.

The wise
20 (Minstrels or sages) out of their books are clay ;
And in their books, as from their graves, they rise
Angels—that side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warn us !
We call some books immortal. Do they live ?
25 If so, believe me, Time hath made them pure,
In books, the veriest wicked rest in peace—
God wills that nothing evil should endure ;
The grosser parts fly off and leave the whole,
As the dust leaves the disembodied soul.

30 Many of those who have had, as we say, all that this world can give, have yet told us they owed much of their purest happiness to books: Ascham, in *The Schoolmaster*, tells a touching story of his last visit to

Lady Jane Grey. He found her sitting in an oriel window reading Plato's beautiful account of the death of Socrates. Her father and mother were hunting in the Park, the hounds were in full cry, and their voices came in through the open window. He expressed his surprise that she had not joined them. But, said she, "I wist that all their pleasure in the Park is but a shadow to that I find in Plato."

Macaulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet he tells us in his biography that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In a charming letter to a little girl, he says, "Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays and sights in the world. If anyone would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books—I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

Books, indeed, endow us with a whole enchanted palace of happy thoughts. There is a wider prospect, says Jean Paul Richter, from Parnassus than from the throne. In one way books give us an even more vivid idea than the actual reality, just as reflections are often more beautiful than real Nature. All mirrors, says George MacDonald, "are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I look in the glass."

If a book does not interest us, it does not follow that the fault is in the book. There is a certain art in reading. Passive reading is of very little use. We must try to realise what we read. Everybody thinks
5 they know how to read and write; whereas very few people write well, or really know how to read. It is not enough to run our eye listlessly or mechanically along the lines and turn over the leaves; we must endeavour to realise the scenes described, and the
10 persons who are mentioned, to picture them in the "Gallery of the imagination." "Learning," says Ascham, "teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He
15 hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy shipmaster is he that is made cunning by many shipwrecks, a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrouths. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by
20 experience itself that it is a marvellous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth
25 not whither. And, verily, they be fewest in number that be happy or wise by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered, by long experience, a little wisdom and
30 some happiness: and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty to one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself, whether

ye would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no."

The choice of books, like that of friends, is a serious duty. We are as responsible for what we read as for what we do. A good book, in the noble words of 5 Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Ruskin in his chapter on the Education of Girls well says, "Let us be sure that her books are not 10 heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fount of folly."

To get the greatest amount, I will not merely say of benefit, but even of enjoyment, from books, we must 15 read for improvement rather than for amusement. Light and entertaining books are valuable, just as sugar is an important article of food, especially for children, but we cannot live upon it. Some novels are excellent, but too much devotion to them greatly 20 diminishes the pleasure which may be derived from reading.

Moreover, there are books which are no books, and to read which is mere waste of time; while there are others so bad, that we cannot read them without 25 pollution; if they were men we should kick them into the street. There are cases in which it is well to be warned against the temptations and dangers of life, but anything which familiarises us with evil, is itself an evil.

30

So also there are other books, happily many others, which no one can read without being the better for them. By useful literature we do not mean that only

which will help a man in his business or profession. That is useful, no doubt, but by no means the highest use of books. The best books elevate us into a region of disinterested thought where personal objects fade 5 into insignificance, and the troubles and the anxieties of the world are almost forgotten.

Interruptions at such a time are a positive cruelty, against which Hamerton makes a pathetic protest. "Suppose a reader perfectly absorbed in his author, 10 an author belonging very likely to another age and another civilisation entirely different from ours. Suppose you are reading the *Defence of Socrates* in Plato, and have the whole scene before you as in a picture: the tribunal of the five hundred, the pure 15 Greek architecture, the interested Athenian public, the odious Melitus, the envious enemies, the beloved and grieving friends whose names are dear to us and immortal; and in the centre you see one figure draped like a poor man, in cheap and common cloth, that he 20 wears winter and summer, with a face plain to downright ugliness, but an air of such genuine courage and self-possession that no acting could imitate it, and you hear the firm voice saying—

Τιμᾶται δ' οὖν ἀνὴρ θανάτου· Εἰεν.

25 You are just beginning the splendid paragraph where Socrates condemns himself to maintenance in the Prytaneum, and if you can only be safe from interruption till it is finished, you will have one of those noble minutes of noble pleasure which are the 30 rewards of intellectual toil."

No one can read a good and interesting book for an hour without being the better and the happier for it.

Nor merely for the moment, but the memory remains with us: stores of bright and happy thoughts which we can call up when we will.

Even their phantoms rise before us,
Our loftier brethren, but one in blood ; 5
At bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good.

Bret Harte, describing a scene at a miners' camp in the Far West, says—

The roaring camp fire, with rude humour, painted 10
The ruddy tints of health,
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew, 15

And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master 20
Has writ of "little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—

But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall, 25

The fir-trees gathering closer in the shadow,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

English literature is the birthright and inheritance 30 of the English race. We have produced and are producing some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No race can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature, richer than our commerce,

more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride and glory of our country, and for it we cannot be too thankful.

WILLIAM MORRIS

LI.—Riding Together

For many, many days together
The wind blew steady from the East;
For many days hot grew the weather,
About the time of our Lady's feast.

For many days we rode together, 5
Yet met we neither friend nor foe;
Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
Steadily did the East wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,
Clear-cut with shadows very black, 10
As freely we rode on together
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often as we rode together,
We, looking down the green-bank'd stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather, 15
And saw the bubble-making bream.

And in the night lay down together,
And hung above our heads the rood,
Or watch'd night-long in the dewy weather,
The while the moon did watch the wood. 20

Our spears stood bright and thick together,
Straight out the banners stream'd behind,
As we gallop'd on in the sunny weather,
With faces turn'd towards the wind.

Down sank our threescore spears together, 25
As thick we saw the pagans ride;
His eager face in the clear fresh weather,
Shone out that last time by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dash'd together,
It rock'd to the crash of the meeting spears, 30
Down rain'd the buds of the dear spring weather,
The elm-tree flowers fell like tears.

There, as we roll'd and writhed together,
I threw my arms above my head,
For close by my side, in the lovely weather, 35
I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together,
He waited the death-stroke there in his place
With thoughts of death in the lovely weather,
Gaspingly 'mazed at my madden'd face. 40

Madly I fought as we fought together;
In vain: the little Christian band
The pagans drown'd, as in stormy weather,
The river drowns low-lying land.

They bound my blood-stain'd hands together, 45
They bound his corpse to nod by my side:
Then on we rode, in the bright March weather,
With clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together;
 My prison-bars are thick and strong,
 I take no heed of any weather,
 The sweet Saints grant I live not long.

50

CUTHBERTSON

LIL.—Percy Bysshe Shelley. October, 1892

COR CORDIUM.

THOU wert the meteor poet of the morn,
 The herald of the light,
 Lord of the lightning lyre above us borne
 Intolerably bright.

Thine was the verse of fire and air, the song 5
 Of liberty and love—
 Thine was the indignation at the wrong,
 That vibrates still above.

Oh, heart of hearts—a hundred years are sped,
 Thine eagle flight is o'er, 10
 But thine eternal splendour is not dead—
 Thou reignest evermore.

BENSON

LIII.—Upton Letters

PARTINGS

DEAR HERBERT,—You must forgive me if this is a very sentimental letter, but this is the day that, of all days in the year, is to me most full of pathos—the last day of the summer half. My heart is like a full sponge and must weep a little. The last few days 5 have been full to the brim of work and bustle—reports to be written, papers to be looked over. Yesterday was a sad day of partings. Half-a-dozen boys are leaving; and I have tried my best to tell them the truth about themselves; to say something that would 10 linger in their minds, and yet do it in a tender and affectionate way. And some of these boys' hearts are full to bursting too. I remember as if it were yesterday the last meeting at Eton of A Debating Society of which I was a member. We were electing new mem- 15 bers and passing votes of thanks. Scott, who was then President and, as you remember, Captain of the Eleven, sate in his high chair above the table; opposite him with his minute-book, was Riddell, then Secretary—that huge fellow in the Eight, you recollect. 20 The vote of thanks to the President was carried; he said a few words in a broken voice, and sate down; the Secretary's vote of thanks was proposed, and he, too, rose to make acknowledgment. In the middle of his speech we were attracted by a movement of the 25 President. He put his head in his hands and sobbed

aloud. Riddell stopped, faltered, looked round, and, leaving his sentence unfinished, sate down, put his face on the book and cried like a child. I don't think there was a dry eye in the room. And these boys
5 were not sentimental, but straightforward young men of the world, honest, and, if anything, rather contemptuous, I had thought, of anything emotional. I have never forgotten that scene, and have interpreted many things in the light of it.

10 Well, this morning I woke early and heard all the bustle of departure. Depression fell on me; soon I got up, with a blessed sense of leisure, breakfasted at my ease, saw one or two boys, special friends, who came to me very grave and wistful. Then I wrote
15 letters and did business; and this afternoon—it is fearfully hot—I have been for a stroll through the deserted fields and street.

So another of these beautiful things which we call the summer is half over, never to be renewed. There
20 has been some evil, of course. I wish I could think otherwise. But the tone is good, and there have been none of these revelations of darkness that poison the mind. There has been idleness (I don't much regret that), and of course the usual worries. But the fact
25 remains that a great number of happy, sensible boys have been living, pleasant friendships, plenty of games, some wholesome work and discipline to keep all sweet, with this exquisite background of old towers and high-branching elms, casting their shade over rich meadow-
30 grass; the scene will come back to these boys in weary hours, perhaps in sun-baked foreign lands, perhaps in smoky offices—nay, even on aching death-beds, parched with fever.

The whole place has an incredibly wistful air, as though it missed the young life that circulated all about it; as though it spread its beauties out to be used and enjoyed, and wondered why none came to claim them. As a counterpoise to this I like to think of all the happiness flowing into hundreds of homes; the father and mother waiting for the sound of the wheels that bring the boy back; the children who have gone down to the lodge to welcome the big brothers with shouts and kisses; and the boy himself, with all the dear familiar scene and home faces opening out before him. We ought not to grudge the loneliness here before the thought of all those old and blessed joys of life that are being renewed elsewhere.

But I am here, a lonely man, wondering and doubtful and desiring I hardly know what. Some nearness of life, some children of my own. You are apt to think of yourself as shelved and isolated; yet, after all, you have the real thing—wife, children, and home.

But, in my case, these boys who are dear to me have forgotten me already. Disguise it as I will, I am part of the sordid furniture of life that they have so gladly left behind, the crowded corridor, the bare-walled schoolroom, the ink-stained desk. They are glad to think that they have not to assemble to-morrow to listen to my prosing, to bear the blows of the uncle's tongue, as Horace says. They like me well enough—for a schoolmaster; I know some of them would even welcome me, with a timorous joy, to their own homes.

I have had the feeling of my disabilities brought home to me lately in a special way. There is a boy in my house that I have tried hard to make friends

with. He is a big, overgrown creature, with a perfectly simple manner. He has innumerable acquaintances in the school, but only a very few friends. He is amiable with every one, but guards his heart. He is ambitious in a quiet way, and fond of books, and, being brought up in a cultivated home, he can talk more unaffectedly and with a more genuine interest about books than any boy I have ever met. Well, I have done my best, as I say, to make friends with him. I have lent him books; I have tried to make him come and see me; I have talked my best with him, and he has received it all with polite indifference; I can't win his confidence, somehow. I feel that if I were only not in the tutorial relation, it would be easy work. But perhaps I frightened him as a little boy, perhaps I bored him; anyhow the advances are all on my side, and there seems a hedge of shyness through which I cannot break. Sometimes I have thought it is simply a case of "crabbed age and youth," and that I can't put myself sufficiently in line with him. I missed seeing him last night—he was out at some school festivity, and this morning he has gone without a word or a sign. I have made friends a hundred of times with a tenth of the trouble, and I suppose it is just because I find this child so difficult to approach that I fret myself over my failure; and all the more because I know in my heart that he is a really congenial nature, and that we do think the same about many things. Of course, most sensible people would not care a brass farthing about such an episode, and would succeed where I have failed, because I think it is the forcing of attentions upon him that this proud young person resents. I must

try and comfort myself by thinking that my very capacity for vexing myself over the business is probably the very thing which makes it easy as a rule for me to succeed.

Well, I must turn to my books and my bicycle and my writing for consolation, and to the blessed sense of freedom which luxuriates about my tired brain. But books and art and the beauties of nature, I begin to have a dark suspicion, are of the nature of melancholy consolations for the truer stuff of life—for friendships and loves and dearer things.

I sit writing in my study, the house above me strangely silent. The evening sun lies golden on the lawn and among the apple-trees of my little orchard; but the thought of the sweet time ended lies rather heavy on my heart—the wonder what it all means, why we should have these great hopes and desires, these deep attachments in the short days that God gives us. “What a world it is for sorrow,” wrote a wise and tender-hearted old schoolmaster on a day like this; “and how dull it would be if there were no sorrow.” I suppose that this is true; but to be near things and yet not to grasp them, to desire and not to attain, and to go down to darkness in the end, like the shadow of a dream—what can heal and sustain one in the grip of such a mood.—Ever Yours,

T. B.

HENLEY

LIV.—In Memoriam

REGINAE DILECTISSIMAE VICTORIAE

Sceptre, orb, crown,
 High ensigns of a sovranity containing
 The beauty and strength and state of half a World,
 Pass from her, and she fades
 Into the old, inviolable peace.

5

1.

She had been ours so long
 She seemed a piece of England: spirit and blood
 And message England's self,
 Home-coloured, England in look and deed and dream;
 Like the rich meadows and woods, the serene rivers, 10
 And sea-charmed cliffs and beaches, that still bring
 A rush of tender pride to the heart
 That beats in England's airs to England's ends:
 August, familiar, irremovable,
 Like the good stars that shine 15
 In the good skies that only England knows:
 So that we held it sure
 God's aim, God's will, God's way,
 When Empire from her footstool, realm on realm,
 Spread, even as from her notable womb 20
 Sprang line on line of Kings;
 For she was England—England and our Queen.

2.

O, she was ours! And she had aimed
 And known and done the best

And highest in time : greatly rejoiced, 25
Ruled greatly, greatly endured. Love had been hers,
And widowhood, glory and grief, increase
In wisdom and power and pride,
Dominion, honour, children, reverence :
So that, in peace and war 30
Innumerable victorious, she lay down
To die in a world renewed,
Cleared, in her luminous umbrage beautified
For Man, and changing fast
Into so gracious an inheritance 35
As Man had never dared
Imagine. Think, when she passed,
Think what a pageant of immortal acts,
Done in the unapproachable face
Of Time by the high, transcending human mind, 40
Shone and acclaimed
And triumphed in her advent ! Think of the ghosts
Think of the mighty ghosts : soldiers and priests,
Artists and captains of discovery,
God's chosen, His adventures up the heights 45
Of thought and deed—how many of them that led
The forlorn hopes of the World !—
Her peers and servants, made the air
Of her death-chamber glorious ! Think how they
thronged
About her bed, and with what pride 50
They took this sister-ghost
Tenderly into the night ! O, think—
And, thinking, bow the head
In sorrow, but in the reverence that makes
The strong man stronger—this true maid, 55
True wife, true mother, tried and found

An hundred times true steel,
This unforgettable woman was your Queen !

3.

Tears for her—tears ! Tears and the mighty rites
Of an everlasting and immense farewell, 60
England, green heart of the world, and you,
Dear demi-Englands, far-away isles of home,
Where the old speech is native, and the old flag
Floats, and the old irresistible call,
The watch-word of so many ages of years, 65
Makes men in love
With toil for the race, and pain, and peril, and death !
Tears, and the dread, tremendous dirge
Of her brooding battleships, and hosts
Processional, with trailing arms ; the plaint— 70
Measured, enormous, terrible—of her guns ;
The slow, heart-breaking throb
Of bells ; the trouble of drums ; the blare
Of mourning trumpets ; the discomfoting pomp
Of silent crowds, black streets, and banners-royal 75
Obsequious ! Then, these high things done,
Rise, heartened of your passion ! Rise to the height
Of her so lofty life ! Kneel if you must ;
But, kneeling, win to those great altitudes
On which she sought and did 80
Her clear, supernal errand unperturbed !
Let the new memory
Be as the old, long love ! So, when the hour
Strikes, as it must, for valour of heart,
Virtue, and patience, and unblenching hope, 85
And the inflexible resolve
That, come the World in arms,

This breeder of nations, England, keeping the seas
Hers as from God, shall in the sight of God
Stand justified of herself 90

Wherever her unretreating bugles blow !
Remember that she lived
That this magnificent Power might still perdure—
Your friend, your passionate servant, counsellor, Queen.
Be that your chief of mourning—that !— 95

England, O Mother, and you,
The daughter Kingdoms born and reared
Of England's travail and sweet blood ;
And never will your lands,
The live Earth over and round, 100

Wherethrough for sixty royal and radiant years
Her drum-tap made the dawns
English—Never will you
So fittingly and well have paid your debt
Of grief and gratitude to the souls 105

That sink in England's harness into the dream :
' I die for England's sake, and it is well ' :
As now to this valiant, wonderful piece of earth,
To which the assembling nations bare the head,
And bend the knee, 110
In absolute veneration—once your Queen.

Sceptre and orb and crown,
High ensigns of a sovranly empaling
The glory and love and praise of a whole half-world,
Fall from her, and, preceding, she departs 115
Into the old, indissoluble Peace.

NOTES.

[Notes of less importance are printed within square brackets.]

BOOKS OF REFERENCE FOR THE TEACHER.

THE three main objects of the teaching of English in schools appear to be :

1. to enable the pupil to understand the expressed thoughts of others, and to appreciate the form of the expression ;
2. to give suitable expression to thoughts of his own ;
3. to cultivate a taste for reading, to give the pupil some acquaintance with good literature, and to furnish him with the means of extending that acquaintance.

How best to attain these objects is still a subject of experiment and inquiry. Until recently the value of grammatical drill as a mental discipline, and a thorough course in the intricacies of full parsing, were regarded as an essential part of the teaching of English. Literary selections were dissected, and so copiously annotated that often the 'notes' occupied more space than the text, and the pupils' time and thought were given to the 'notes' rather than to the text. Experience has shown that after years of such training the pupil has not attained the added power which the course of training was expected to confer.

As a consequence of this there has been a change in the attitude of teachers, and a resulting change in methods of teaching. Routine parsing is now avoided, less time is given to the analysis of sentences, and to exercises in the correction of

false syntax. It is found that students may be taught to speak and write good English without having received any special instruction in formal grammar, and that the teaching of formal grammar, while valuable as a mental training, has only an indirect bearing on the art of writing and speaking; hence it is urged that the teaching of formal grammar should be largely incidental. At the same time the teaching of literature has also undergone a change, and the tendency now is in favour of the study of complete works rather than of selections. Extracts, if given, should be long enough to possess a unity of their own. A University entrance, or a school leaving examination should be held, not on the work of one year only, but on a continuous course extending over about four years.

The following list of books is recommended in the hope that they may be found useful to teachers. The list might easily be extended, but it seemed better to recommend a few books, as in some of them bibliographies will be found if a teacher should wish to go further into the matter. Every teacher of English in a Secondary School should be acquainted with those printed in heavy type:

Chubb. *The Teaching of English* (Teachers' Professional Library). Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d. net. Part II. deals with Secondary Schools, but all after Chapter IX. should be read.

Roberts and Barter. *The Teaching of English.* Blackie & Son. 3s. Deals chiefly with Upper Schools, and in the appendices gives bibliography and a suggested four-year course issued by the Board of Education, London; also American and French courses.

Carpenter, Baker and Scott. *The Teaching of English* (American Teachers' Series). Longmans. 6s. net.

Hartog. *The Writing of English.* Clarendon Press.

Macpherson. *Principles and Method in the Study of English Literature.* Cambridge University Press. 2s.

Hinsdale. *Teaching the Language Arts.* Appleton. 4s. 6d.

Beeching. *The Study of Poetry* (Two Lectures). Cambridge University Press. 2s.

Hiram Corson.

- Two official reports on primary school work recently published are valuable: 1. *Memorandum on the Teaching of English in Scottish Primary Schools*. Wyman & Sons. 2d. 2. *Report of a Conference on the Teaching of English in London Elementary Schools*. P. S. King & Son. 1s.

It is recommended that throughout the Secondary School pupils should be trained to use a dictionary intelligently. Suitable dictionaries are fairly common. The following is suggested: *A Modern Dictionary*. Macmillan & Co. 1s. 4d. net.

LIFE OF TENNYSON (1809-1892).

Primer, pp. 206-208.

[AFTER completing his career at the University of Cambridge, Tennyson, who from boyhood had displayed remarkable facility in verse-making, resolved to dedicate his life to the service of the Muses. His first volume of poems was very adversely criticised, and he spent ten years in revising and improving this work, and in writing new poems before publishing another volume of poems. From that time (1842), his success was assured, and he published numerous poems dealing with the chief incidents of the time, and expressing the trend of philosophic and religious thought. From 1850 till the time of his death he was Poet Laureate, and in honour of the work he had done for literature, a peerage was conferred on him. He is regarded as the greatest poet of the reign of Queen Victoria.

His more important longer works are:

The Idylls of the King, a series of poems dealing with King Arthur and his Knights, and containing an allegory of a type of conscience overcome by worldly passion.

In Memoriam, a long lament for the untimely death of his dearest friend, Arthur Henry Hallam.

The Princess, which contains magnificent poetry, and deals with the position of woman as the help-mate of man.

Maud, a protest against the sordid conditions and ideals of the time preceding the Crimean War; and several plays. His shorter poems are too well known and too numerous to specify. Some of them (including his lyrics), are among the finest in the language. A few of these are *Enone* (two parts), *Locksley Hall* (two parts), *The Lotus Eaters*, *Ulysses*, and *The Palace of Art*.

Tennyson's verse is noted for its richness of colour, its melodiousness, its clearness of expression, and its variety of metre.]

[BOOKS USEFUL FOR FURTHER STUDY.]

1. *Tennyson's Poems*. Annotated selections will be found in Macmillan's English Classics Series.
2. The standard biography is *Alfred, Lord Tennyson, A Memoir*, by his son, Hallam, Lord Tennyson. Macmillan. 6s.
3. *Tennyson*, by Sir Alfred Lyall, "English Men of Letters" Series. 2s.
4. *Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, by Stopford A. Brooke. Pitman. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. each.]

(a) LOCKSLEY HALL [1842].

[Of this poem Tennyson wrote: "'Locksley Hall' is an imaginary place (tho' the coast is Lincolnshire), and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings."]

The poem is one of several into which various phases of youthful love enter. *The Gardener's Daughter*, *The Talking Oak*, *The Day Dream*, and *Love and Duty*, are other typical poems on this subject.

The hero suffers a mean disillusion through a disappointment in love with a shallow-hearted cousin. The poem shows different aspects of his nature in turn; these are roughly indicated in the following outline:

Verses 1-8. Thoughts of his youth; love of nature and interest in science; visions of future progress of the race.

Verses 9-18. The youthful lovers in their hours of happiness and trust.

Verses 19-47. The anger of the betrayed lover; he rages at his sweetheart's shallowness and falseness, at her husband, at society and its conventions. Throughout there is a youthful exuberance of exaggerated feeling.

Verses 48-52. He longs for action, but is baulked by the purely commercial spirit of the time. Against this he fumes impotently.

Verses 54-65. He longs for the "wild pulsation" of his youth, to the yearnings and visions of which he returns.

(i) His desire to enter into the work of life (55-59).

(ii) Visions of future progress and invention (60-65).

Verses 66-71. Reaction from optimism to pessimism (66-67). Even if an increasing purpose making for human good runs

through the ages, it does not matter much to him who has "missed the harvest of his youthful joys" (68-71).

Verses 72-85. He flings love from him, and giving way to a tempest of feeling he devotes the past to desolation, and longs to live the free and adventurous life of the savage.

Verses 86-196. The charms of culture and enlightenment are too strong, and he rejects his previous thought with a feeling of shame for having entertained it. He finds consolation in the manifold promise which the future holds, and especially in the wonders of scientific discovery. Having regained his faith in human progress, he decides to go to sea.

The reading of this poem may be supplemented by reading *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*, which expresses the views of the young man of the former poem, now grown old, and *Maud*, which contains a longer study of a character similar, but of a lower type.]

4. *Dreary gleams*. In apposition with 'curlews.' l. 3.

8, 9. *Orion*. A large and bright constellation with a peculiar nebula visible to the naked eye.

The Pleiads. Another constellation, of which six stars are visible to the naked eye.

14. *Closed*. Enclosed or contained.

43. *Decline*. Lean downwards, hence sink.

69. Is comfort to be found in classifying our remembrances of past experiences, and in determining to contemplate only those that were happy?

One that perished. One now dead to me; i.e. his cousin, Amy, before he found her shallow-hearted.

75, 76. *The poet*. Dante in his *Inferno*, ll. 121-3,

"There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery." Longfellow's translation.

77. *Thy, thou*. Refer to Amy.

79. *He hunts in dreams*. In the dreams of his drunken sleep Amy's husband will follow the chase.

82. *Widowed*. Without the comfort and joy which a husband should bring to his wife.

81. *A hand*; (84) *a song*; (85) *an eye*. Memories of her rejected lover.

85. *Ancient kindness*. Loving sympathy of old times.

101, 2, etc. "In *Locksley Hall* we are confronted by the irresolute figure of modern youth, depressed and

bewildered by his own inability to face the bustling competition of ordinary English life."—Sir A. Lyall.

105. *Helps the hurt.* Relieves the injury.
- 107, 8. He returns to the thoughts of his youth (see ll. 11-16), hoping to re-awaken the heart-throbbing enthusiasm of that time, and he trusts that the many wonders of the age in which he has been born will enable him to forget his loss.
- 121-6. He pictures the changes to be brought about by the successful navigation of air-ships.
121. *Argosies of magic sails.* Richly-laden merchant ships will float through air as if on magic sails. 'Argosy,' originally 'a ship of Ragusa.'
- 123, 4. A picture of a battle between two fleets of air-ships; *ghastly dew*—of blood.
The central blue. The blue sky overhead.
- 125, 6. After the great battle comes universal peace and the Federation of all nations.
Parliament of man. Parliament of mankind.
130. *The jaundiced eye*—i.e. with a pessimistic outlook.
- 131-3. As a result of his jaundiced view even order and law seem founded on wrong; knowledge may grow, but it grows very slowly, and meanwhile the starving millions are gradually realising their power. The spread of democracy is referred to here.
138. *Process of the suns.* The passing of the years.
142. With Carlyle, Tennyson had faith in the influence of the individual rather than in the levelling tendencies of democracy.
- 150-5. Tennyson often depicts women as occupying a position subordinate to the man, though in these lines the angry youth exaggerates the view. Another view of woman's position is given in *The Princess*.
153. In modern life, where artificial rules and conventions destroy natural feelings, a woman's emotions count as nothing.
154. He turns to the East (the shining Orient) where he was born.
155. *Mahratta-battle.* The Mahrattas consisted of several tribes of Hindoo mountaineers, who formed a confederation and dominated India from the time of the break-up of the Mogul Empire until its dissolution in 1818, after several wars with the British.

162. *Trailer*. A hanging plant, of which many varieties are found in tropical countries.
163. *Bower*. A shelter made of boughs of trees twisted together.
178. *The foremost files*. The front ranks.
180. *Joshua's moon in Ajalon*. Cf. *Joshua*, ch. 10, vv. 12 and 13 :
 "Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel ; and he said in the sight of Israel,
 Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon ;
 And thou, Moon, in the valley of Aijalon.
 And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed.
 Until the nation had avenged themselves of their enemies."
182. The origin of this metaphor is thus given by Tennyson :
 "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night, and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line."
183. As the earth goes spinning along on its orbit, one half is always in the shadow, due to the earth being between it and the sun.
184. *A cycle of Cathay*. An age (or very long period of time) in China, where civilisation has long been stationary, while other countries have been progressing. Since this poem was written the awakening of China has taken place.
185. He appeals to the time into which he is born to help him ; his own mother he never knew. Cf. l. 156.
186. This refers to the triumphs of science over the forces of nature in engineering, electricity and astronomy.
187. *Crescent promise*. Growing promise.
190. *Roof-tree*. The beam in the angle of the roof, hence the roof itself.
191. *Vapour from the margin*. Dark cloud from the sea.
Heath and holt. Country covered with heath and woods. The former is usually desolate, the latter hilly and covered with trees.
192. *Cramming*. Forcing.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

At Clivedon Church, which is situated on a lonely hill overlooking the Bristol Channel, is buried Tennyson's dearest friend—Arthur Hallam—about whom he wrote *In Memoriam*.

[For suggestions as to methods of treatment of this poem teachers are referred to the *Education Gazette and Teachers' Aid* (July, 1910, price 3d.), issued by the Education Department of Victoria, or to the following books:

Quick and Dead: to Teachers, by Two of Them. Longmans. 1s. 6d.

Davidson, *An Introduction to good Poetry*.

Roberts and Barter, *The Teaching of English*, Chapter VIII. The last two books discuss the metre.]

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS.

This lyric, commonly known as *The Bugle Song*, is taken from *The Princess, a Medley*, in which poem several other exquisite lyrics occur. The beauty of these gems is best appreciated by studying them in the setting in which Tennyson placed them.

The Princess deals chiefly with the position and education of woman in modern society, and the poet claims for her an enlarged share of freedom. The view taken is that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse."

The song was suggested by the famous echoes of Killarney, in Ireland. As many as eight distinct echoes of a bugle call have been counted. The idea of the poem is that of "twin-work and twin-fame of a pair of lovers."

[1, 2. The "castle-walls . . . old in story," are probably those of the Castle of Ross, concerning which several legends are extant. It was erected by one of the earlier chieftains on an island on one of the Killarney lakes. The "snowy summits" are probably those of the Macgillicuddy Reeks. The reference may be a more general one to any mediaeval castle and snow-clad mountain peaks, long famous in story and song.]

9. *Scar* or *scaur*. A steep, rocky hill.

10. *Elf-land*. Fairy-land.

15, 16. Echoes require for their transmission a material medium (the air), and they die away; our spiritual influences, on the other hand, last for ever, and spread in an ever-widening circle of human interest and sympathy.

[*Note to teachers.* Suggestions as to treatment of this poem will be found in the *Education Gazette and Teachers' Aid*, February and May, 1910. An appreciation of the poem will be found in Stopford A. Brooke's *Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life* (Vol. I., p. 166).

Notes on the poem will be found in *Select Poems of Tennyson*, by George and Hadow, and in *The Princess*, by P. M. Wallace.]

RING OUT, WILD BELLS (from *In Memoriam*).

In the complete poem this selection appears as Section cvi., and is not printed as a song. It has, however, been set to music. The bells are rung to speed the departing and to welcome the new year. The poet expresses the hope that what is false and imperfect in human nature and our social institutions, may pass away with the dying year, and that in the new year our lives will be fuller, freer, truer and nobler.

13. *A slowly dying cause.* One kept up though its usefulness no longer exists.
14. *Party strife.* As opposed to national good. Politicians sometimes place party issues above the interests of the nation.
18. *Faithless coldness* Cold faithlessness; apathy in spiritual matters.
- 19, 20. *Ring out... minstrel in.* As 'want,' 'care,' 'sin,' and 'faithless coldness' disappear, the need for writing mournful rhymes lamenting the existence of these will disappear, and the singer of the new day will sing songs of high hope and faith and joy.
21. *False pride* in social position and in the claims of high birth.
22. *Civic slander.* Ill-natured gossip about local men and events.
25. Diseases which have long been scourges of mankind, e.g. cholera, consumption, etc.
26. The pursuit of wealth deadens our higher and nobler sympathies.
28. *The thousand years of peace.* The millennium.

THE KNIGHT'S OATH (from *Guinevere (Idylls of the King)*).

[The lines here given are spoken by Arthur in the parting scene with Guinevere before the "last great battle of the west," and express King Arthur's view of the ideal knight.]

1. *When the Roman left us.* King Arthur is represented as a Christian King of Britain, who for some time after the departure of the Romans held his own against the heathen tribes of Angles, Saxons and Jutes, invading the country.
6. *Knighthood-errant.* Knights wandering in search of adventures.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Tennyson expressed the wish that this poem should be placed at the end of his collected works. The poem states simply and briefly his religious creed—complete confidence in God's law. The return of the spirit to God should not be an occasion of sorrow. After crossing the harbour bar (of death), on entering the ocean of eternity he will see face to face the Pilot (Christ), who, till then unseen, has guided his course during his lifetime.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870).

Primer, pp. 215-6.

[AFTER Scott, the next great English novelist was Charles Dickens. At an early age he became acquainted with poverty and misery, and when he was ten years old his father was forced to go to live in the debtor's prison. His greatest novel, *David Copperfield*, is largely autobiographical, and for his description of David's attempts to make a living in London Dickens drew on his own early experiences. He had little continuous schooling, but by the age of seventeen he had taught himself shorthand, and commenced reporting for journals.

Soon after this he began writing comic sketches, which were afterwards collected in two volumes, illustrated with drawings by Cruikshank, and entitled *Sketches by Boz*. The *Pickwick Papers*, begun in 1836, made his name a household word, and from this time till the publication of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* his position as the leading novelist was not challenged.

Nicholas Nickleby was followed by *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and then he attempted an historical theme in *Barnaby Rudge*, in which is given a description of the Gordon Riots. His only other attempt in the field of history was the *Tale of Two Cities*. After a visit to the United States he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which the Americans suffer very caustic criticism. Dickens was an ardent reformer, and frequently ridiculed the legal

system of England, as in the trial scene in *Pickwick*, but he delivered his greatest assault on it in *Bleak House*. Of his novels other than those already mentioned, his *Christmas Books* and *Great Expectations* are the most notable.

Among novelists Dickens is one of the greatest humorists, but he exaggerates, though very cleverly, the peculiarities of his characters to such an extent that many of them are grotesques and impossible as human beings. His liking for the melodramatic leads him at times to exaggerated pathos and forced fun. His intimate knowledge of life was limited to an acquaintance with the middle and lower classes of London, and when he attempted to portray the manners of the upper classes, or to describe English country life, he made serious errors. Notable features of the writings of Dickens are his wide charity and boundless good nature, so that even the poorest of his characters are likeable. His wonderful imagination and fertile inventiveness are shown in the number and variety of the characters and situations he has drawn. His many high merits more than counterbalance his technical failings. That his works have not ceased to move people to laughter and tears may be judged from the new editions so frequently announced by publishers.]

[HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY.]

Life of Dickens, by A. W. Ward "Men of Letters" Series.
David Copperfield—any edition.]

FROM "DAVID COPPERFIELD." CHAPTER LV

- P. 19, l. 3. *I*. David Copperfield, the hero of the story.
6. *First stage*. First portion of the journey from London to Yarmouth, a distance of over 100 miles.
- P. 20, l. 18. *Yarmouth*. A small town at the mouth of the Yare on the coast of Norfolk. The catching and preserving of herrings is the chief industry of the town.
20. *Ipswich*. A town somewhat more than half way on the road from London to Yarmouth.
31. *Ricks*. Stacks of hay or straw.
- 13, 14. *All aslant*. The people leaning against the wind.
- P. 22, l. 28. *Ham*. Ham Peggotty, a boatman, boatbuilder and fisherman, to carry a message to whom David Copperfield has travelled from London.
- P. 23, l. 2. *Lowestoft*. Another fishing town not far from Yarmouth.
9. *Colliers*. Vessels employed in the coal trade.

11. *The Roads*. A place where ships ride at anchor some distance from the shore.
18. *Late events*. The death of his wife, the finding of Emily, the disclosure of Uriah Heep's plottings, etc.
- P. 25, l. 7. *Gazetteer*. A newspaper or gazette. Used in this sense the word is now obsolete.
- P. 28, l. 14. *Cordage*. Those parts of the rigging of a ship which consist of ropes.
- P. 29, l. 22. *Emily*. Ham's cousin and fiancée who deserted him suddenly just before the date fixed for the wedding arrived.
- P. 30, ll. 30, 31. *His action . . . friend*. James Steerforth, "a young man of great personal attractions and engaging manners; formerly a school friend of David Copperfield's." He entices Emily away from her home in Yarmouth, and deserts her in Italy; then he goes to sea. There is a kind of poetic justice in making him meet his death at the very place where he has caused so much ruin.

LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

Primer, pp. 208-211.

[APART from the publication of his many poems, the main events in the life of Robert Browning make a short record. Born in 1812, he was a few months younger than Thackeray and Dickens, the two great novelists of the Victorian era, and about three years younger than Tennyson, whom, in the opinion of many, he rivals as a poet. Throughout his life he was in easy circumstances. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, and for the next twenty years until her death they lived chiefly at Florence in Italy. After a life devoted to literature he died in Venice in 1889, leaving as a result of his work thirty volumes of verse.

Browning's chief works are: *Paracelsus*, a character study of that famous scientist and charlatan of the Middle Ages; *Sordello*, the "story of a soul," written in so curious a manner that the meaning and art are difficult to appreciate; *Bells and Pomegranates*, a series of poems containing some fine lyrical work; these, with *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, *Men and Women*, *Dramatis Personae*, *The Ring and the Book*, and *Asolando* form, perhaps, the best part of his many works.

Browning's poems have the reputation of being difficult and obscure, and it cannot be denied that much of his poetry is difficult to understand. His subtle and sympathetic insight into the working of the minds of many varied characters, and the frequent rapid transitions of thought, combined with certain peculiarities of expression and roughness of workmanship, force the reader to give very close and continuous thought to his lines in order to get their meaning. He said, "I can have little doubt that my writing has been in the main too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man." Of his shorter poems many do not present any special difficulties, and his lyrics and love poems alone would stamp him as a great poet. Among his masterpieces are such monologues as *Fra Lippo Lippi*, *Andrea Del Sarto*, *My Last Duchess*. In rapid movement and continuous narrative he excels in a few short poems such as *Hervé Riel* and *How they brought the Good News*; his descriptions are extraordinarily vivid, as in *De Gustibus*, *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, and the *Serenade at the Villa*; while *Prospice*, *The Patriot* and the *Epilogue to Asolando* show his belief that life is worth living strenuously and death is not to be feared.]

[AIDS TO FURTHER STUDY.]

1. *Pocket Volume of Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning* (Smith, Elder & Co. 1s.); or *Selections from the Poems of Robert Browning*, in Macmillan's "English Literature for Secondary Schools" Series. 1s.

FOR THE TEACHER.

1. *Handbook of Robert Browning's Works*, by Mrs. Sutherland Orr (Bell. 6s.) The standard book of reference.
2. *Robert Browning*, by G. K. Chesterton, in "English Men of Letters" Series (2s. net); or *Life of Robert Browning*, by William Sharp, in "Great Writers" Series (W. Scott. 1s.) This book contains an excellent bibliography.
3. *The Browning Cyclopaedia*, by Dr. E. Berdoe, also gives a list of useful books of reference.]

THE PATRIOT.

[*The Patriot: an Old Story*, first appeared in *Men and Women* (1855). The main theme—the faults and failures of the world's

judgments on a man's actions—is further treated in other poems, e.g. *The Guardian Angel*, *Pictor Ignotus*, and *Before and After*. The patriot is a political leader who, from being the people's idol, falls through the fickleness of popular favour, and is led to execution for fancied misdeeds within a year of his greatest popularity, and in spite of having given his best in the service of the people. The crowd who, a year ago, almost worshipped him, now throng just as eagerly to view his execution. The two pictures—the patriot in his triumph and in his downfall—are contrasted with a realism that is almost terrible. The poem is both a narrative and a parable.]

2. *Like mad*. This daring phrase suggests the emotional upheaval of people and patriot alike. See also ll. 6, 7.
4. *The church spires flamed*—i.e. with red flags. In Stanza vi. the poet indicates that the patriot's apparent failure is really the crowning success of his life.

EPILOGUE, TO ASOLANDO.

[The poem, or rather collection of poems, entitled *Asolando: Facts and Fancies* was published in London in 1889, on the day of Browning's death in Venice. The title is thus explained in the dedication: *Asolando* was a "title-name popularly ascribed to the inventiveness of the ancient secretary of Queen Cornara, whose palace tower still overlooks us" at the town of Asolo. *Asolare*—"to disport in the open air, amuse oneself at random." Asolo is a mediaeval town in Venetia, visited by Browning as a young man and towards the end of his life. Here he gathered ideas for his earlier poems, *Pippa Passes* and *Sordello*, and for his last poem, *Asolando*. As in *Prospice*, Browning is looking forward bravely to death, which in this poem is imagined as actually accomplished. He claims, as of right, the faithful servant's reward of "Well done" after a strenuous life in which he has always striven for what appeared to him to be the right.]

2. *You*. The reader, or any admirer of his works.
3. *He*. Browning himself.
Pity me? The poet asks, "Will my reader pity me when I am dead?"
6. *Mistaken*. In his optimism and high faith in human endeavour indicated in Stanza iii.
10. *Being who?* The answer is given in the two succeeding stanzas.
17. *The unseen*. Death.

DE GUSTIBUS (From *Men and Women*, 1855).

The complete proverb, "De gustibus non est disputandum," means that there is no disputing about tastes, or as it is more commonly expressed, "there is no accounting for tastes."

In Stanza I. is given a picture of English country life which is in striking contrast to the Italian scene portrayed in Stanza II. The enthusiasm for Italy depicted in this poem is almost as fervid as the enthusiasm for England expressed in *Home Thoughts*.

11. The delicious perfume of the bean-flower.
22. *Cicala* or cicada. A species of winged insects often termed tree-crickets or singing locusts.
35. *The King*. Probably Ferdinand II., King of Naples, who reigned from 1830 to 1859, and against whom several attempts at assassination were directed.
- 43-4. These lines are engraved on a memorial erected by the Italians to Browning's memory in Venice, where he died

[This poem is a notable example of landscape painting in verse. A few brief touches and we see the landscape clearly.

A Serenade at the Villa is another notable example of Browning's wonderful descriptive power.]

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

was first published in *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics* (1845).

[Though "The Good News" is probably intended for the Pacification of Ghent (1577), the incident described is not historical. The places mentioned in the poem lie by or near the road from Ghent to Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), and the journey of between 130 and 150 miles is described as being accomplished by the trooper and his horse in about twelve hours. The effect of the narrative is greatly enhanced by the galloping rhythm of the lines. The use of words of Dutch, German and French origin suited to the mixed vocabulary of a trooper serving near the borders of these three countries helps to give verisimilitude (e.g. pique, dome-spire, roos, croup). Stirring galloping rhymes have been popular with Australian writers, notably Gordon (e.g. *From the Wreck*) and Paterson.]

10. *Pique*. A word of doubtful meaning. Possibly it means the peak or flap of leather covering the top of the stirrup straps.
32. *Roos*. Horse.
41. *Dome-spire*. The spire of a cathedral or "dom" (German).

44. *Croup*. (Fr. *croupe*, the hind-quarters.) The part just behind the saddle. It is not clear whether the horse fell sideways and then rolled on her back, or whether she turned a somersault.
49. *Holster*. A leathern pistol-case carried by a horseman at his saddle-bow (Dutch).
50. *Jack-boots*. Riding boots reaching above the knee.

[For suggestions in teaching this poem, teachers are referred to Chubb, pp. 155-6, and Carpenter, Baker and Scott, pp. 180-2.]

PROSPICE (*Dramatis Personae*, 1864).

[Perhaps in no other poem is Browning's courageous and optimistic attitude towards death so well described. The poem is a song of battle sung in the face of death, the last of foes. The name is a war-cry, a call to fight, and the whole poem is a song of passionate triumph over the terrors usually associated with dying. The closing lines refer directly to his wife, shortly after whose death the poem was written.]

Prospice. Latin, "Behold" (imperative).

The worst turns the best. To the brave man the worst suddenly becomes the best as he overcomes his enemy.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900).

Primer, p. 214.

[JOHN RUSKIN wrote on art, economics and sociology. His acquaintance with Turner, the great landscape painter, resulted in his first book, *Modern Painters*, in which he contended that Turner as a landscape painter was greater than the ancients. He published many works on art and architecture, notably *The Stones of Venice*, and *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. He made various experiments in practical economics, and wrote largely on economics and morals. Ruskin and Newman are regarded as the two greatest stylists in prose writing of the Victorian epoch.

With Carlyle, Ruskin preached the gospel of work, but while with Carlyle work was a duty, Ruskin preached the joy in work; Stevenson in his poems also strongly urges this. Whatever views may be held now regarding Ruskin's views on art and

political economy, there is no doubt that he is a master of English prose. His style is impassioned, yet stately; in the choice of the simplest and most natural words his judgment is almost faultless; and his sentences flow with a kind of rhythm, and captivate by the beauty of their imagery, and elevate by their lofty spiritual tone.]

[AIDS TO FURTHER STUDY.]

1. *John Ruskin*, by Frederic Harrison, "English Men of Letters" Series. 2s. net.
2. *Sesame and Lilies*, by Ruskin, Macmillan's "English Literature for Secondary Schools." 1s.
3. *Lowell's Books and Libraries*.
 Lamb's Essays on "Detached Thoughts on Books" and
 "MacKery End."
 Emerson's "Books."
 Bacon, "Of Studies."

These essays are interesting for the purpose of comparison.]

SELECTIONS FROM "SESAME AND LILIES."

[*Sesame, or Of Kings' Treasuries*, is the title given by Ruskin to an essay prepared for delivery as a public lecture in aid of a library at Manchester. It may be presumed that every reader knows the part played by the word 'Sesame' in the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Ruskin uses it to suggest the key that will open the gate admitting to the treasures in the temple of knowledge. Kings' Treasuries are royal or national libraries, which Ruskin urges should "be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible." The theme of the essay or lecture is the choice of books, and how to read them.

A second lecture was delivered shortly after the above, and is published with it under the title of *Lilies or Queens' Gardens*. The central theme of this second essay is the education of woman. Like the lily, which is the symbol of purity and grace, the function of woman is to be Queen of her Garden, or sphere. Years afterwards Ruskin said: "If read in conjunction with *Unto this Last*, it (the book *Sesame and Lilies*), contains the chief truths I have endeavoured through all my past life to display, and which I am thankful to have learnt and taught."

In Section II. of this book will be found additional views on

reading and the right choice of books, as expressed by the Right Hon. Lord Avebury and Mr. Frederic Harrison.]

This selection deals with the meaning of "Advancement in life."

P. 40, ll. 4, 5. *To touch the compass.* To reach the bounds.

P. 41, l. 12. *Double-belled doors.* Denoting the two classes of visitors—intimate friends and acquaintances.

18. *Advancement in Death*—i.e. spiritual death.

P. 42, ll. 6, 7. *The last infirmity of noble minds.* The weakness which noble minds overcome with difficulty after vanquishing all other weaknesses—the "thirst for applause."

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—
That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Milton, *Lycidas*, ll. 70-2.

19. *Mortal.* Deadly, as in the phrase, "a mortal wound."

21. *Gangrenous.* Affected by gangrene or mortification.

P. 43, ll. 25, 26. *My writings on Political Economy*—e.g. *Munera Pulveris*, and *Unto this Last*.

P. 44, l. 20. *Tertiary.* Coming third (in order of importance).

22. *Collateral.* Additional, side by side with.

P. 46, l. 22. *Station of audience.* Position whence a hearing may be secured.

23. *Honourable Privy Council.* A private council or assembly to which it is an honour to be admitted

31. *Rapid and ephemeral writings.* Mere journalistic work, the importance of which lasts but a day—"the books of the hour."

P. 48, l. 27. *My life was as the vapour.* Cf. James iv. 14:

"What is your life? For ye are a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

P. 49, ll. 5-7. [*Well, whatever bit . . . piece of art.* Compare Ruskin, *Queen of the Air*, section 106:

"First, of the foundation of art in moral character. Of course art-gift and amiability of disposition are two different things; a good man is not necessarily a painter, nor does an eye for colour necessarily imply an honest mind. But great art implies the union of both powers:

it is the expression by an art-gift of a pure soul. If the gift is not there, we can have no art at all; and if the soul—and a right soul too—is not there, the art is bad, however dexterous." The close connection between art and moral character which Ruskin so strongly urges, is disputed by many authorities.]

- P. 49, l. 8. *Redundant*. Superabundant; using more words or images than are necessary; pleonastic.
23. *Entrée*. Right of entrance. *Audience*. Right of a hearing.
- P. 50, l. 8. *Those Elysian gates*. The gates giving entrance to Elysium, the abode of happy souls after death; hence by metaphor the gates that admit to companionship with the aristocracy of the dead, the writers of the best books.
10. *Portière*. A curtain hanging across a doorway.
Faubourg St. Germain. A suburb of Paris where the old nobility formerly had their town residences.
- P. 53, l. 10. *Canaille*. Vulgar origin; the rabble; originally 'a pack of dogs.'
13. *Noblesse*. Nobility.
29. *A false Latin quantity*. The erroneous use of long vowels or syllables as short, or *vice versa*.
- P. 54, l. 5. *Masked words*. Words of doubtful meaning; those that 'wear chamaeleon cloaks' and change their significance according to individual fancy.
15. *Chamaeleon*. A lizard whose colour changes more or less with the colour of the objects near it. It is found in Asia, Africa and America.
- P. 57, l. 4. *Lords over the heritage*, etc. 1 *Peter* v. 2, 3:
2. "Tend therefore the flock of God which is among you, exercising the oversight, not of constraint, but willingly, according unto God; nor yet for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind."
3. "Neither as lording it over the charge allotted to you, but making yourselves ensamples to the flock."
'Ensample' is a now obsolete form of 'example.'
- P. 58, ll. 10, 11. *Bill and Nancy*. Characters in Dickens' novel, *Oliver Twist*.
24. *It was St. Paul's (idea of a bishop)*. See *Acts* xx. 28. Ruskin further expounds this idea of the duties of a bishop to oversee *all* his flock, and to look after their bodily as well as their spiritual needs, in Letter XIII., "Time and Tide."

- P. 59, ll. 9, 10. *The wind bloweth, etc. ; so is everyone . . . Spirit.*
Quoted from *S. John* iii. 8.
24. *Puffing up.* *I. Corinthians* viii. 1.
27. *Cretinous.* Idiotic. Cretinism is a condition of idiocy accompanied by physical degeneracy and deformity, frequent in certain mountain valleys, especially of the Alps.
- P. 60, l. 11. *Dante.* The famous Italian poet, who lived 1265-1321. His great poem, *La Divina Commedia*, consists of three parts, describing his vision of visits to Hell, to Purgatory, and to Heaven respectively. The reference here is to *Il Purgatorio*, Canto ix.
- 21, 22. *Have taken away . . . themselves.* The reference is to *S. Luke* xi. 52.
25. *He that watereth . . . himself.* From *Proverbs* xi. 25.
32. *Rock apostle.* St. Peter (Greek, *Petra*, a rock). Cf. *Matthew* xvi. 18, quoted above.
- 32, 33. *Take him . . . out.* *Matthew* xxii. 13 :
"Then the King said to his servants, 'Bind him hand and foot, and cast him out into the outer darkness.'"

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896).

Primer, p. 213.

[In point of quantity Morris was almost as voluminous a writer as Browning ; in quality he is on a lower plane, and he has not Browning's variety. His socialistic writings, *The Dream of John Ball* and *News from Nowhere*, and all his poems are mediaeval in spirit. He did much for art, especially as applied to architecture and to the decoration and furnishing of the home, and to this end he and other artists founded the firm of Morris & Co. It would be difficult to find better reading for holidays and idle hours than his poems.

For the subjects of his poems Morris went to the classical and romantic tales of an earlier age, such, for instance, as are told in prose in Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and Kingsley's *Heroes*. Of his many poems, *The Life and Death of Jason*, *The Earthly Paradise*, *Sigurd the Volsung*, *The House of the Wolfings*, *The Roots of the Mountains*, *The Well at the World's End*, and *The Sundering Flood* may be regarded as his best. As the titles indicate, the poet delights in the supernatural ; and the

reading of his poems acts as a relief from the worry and bustle of everyday life. *The Earthly Paradise*, of which poem the selection is the "Apology," consists of twenty-four tales in eight syllabled lines arranged in couplets. Twelve of the tales are classical and twelve are romantic, and all are told with great detail, the complete list occupying four volumes, containing over 42,000 lines of rhymed verse.]

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.—AN APOLOGY.

In this selection, which is placed before the Prologue of *The Earthly Paradise*, the writer makes his apology to the reader for selecting as his theme names remembered from a period long passed away.

1. Morris is too diffident of his poetic powers to attempt to write on the great religious thought movements of his own day, or to choose such a lofty theme as a poet such as Milton would select.
- 2, 3. The main theme of *The Earthly Paradise* is the desire of man to escape death, and the impossibility of doing this.
7. *An empty day*. His own time did not inspire him. This line also admirably describes his work as being suited for making the reader's idle time pass agreeably. The musical lines of his pleasantly told tales of a bygone age lull us into a happy forgetfulness of all our worries and perplexities.
- 18, 19. The subjects of his tales, e.g. Atalanta, Alcestis, Pygmalion, etc.
25. *The ivory gate* (of Dreams). A conventional phrase. The dreams which delude pass through this gate, while those that come true pass through the gate of horn. See Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 894-897.
39. *Midmost the beating... sea*. In the midst of the hard trials of life.
41. *Ravining monsters*. Strong men may overcome the difficulties and perplexities of life, though 'the poor singer' cannot do so. All he can do is to chase away heavy thoughts for a time with his tales.

[AIDS TO FURTHER STUDY.]

1. *William Morris*, by Alfred Noyes, "English Men of Letters." 2s. net.
2. *The Earthly Paradise*.]

MACAULAY (1800-1859).

Primer, p. 204.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY belongs to the early Victorian period. After showing great promise as a schoolboy and as a student at Cambridge, he was called to the bar, but he soon deserted the study of law for the pursuit of literature and politics, and obtained distinction in both spheres.

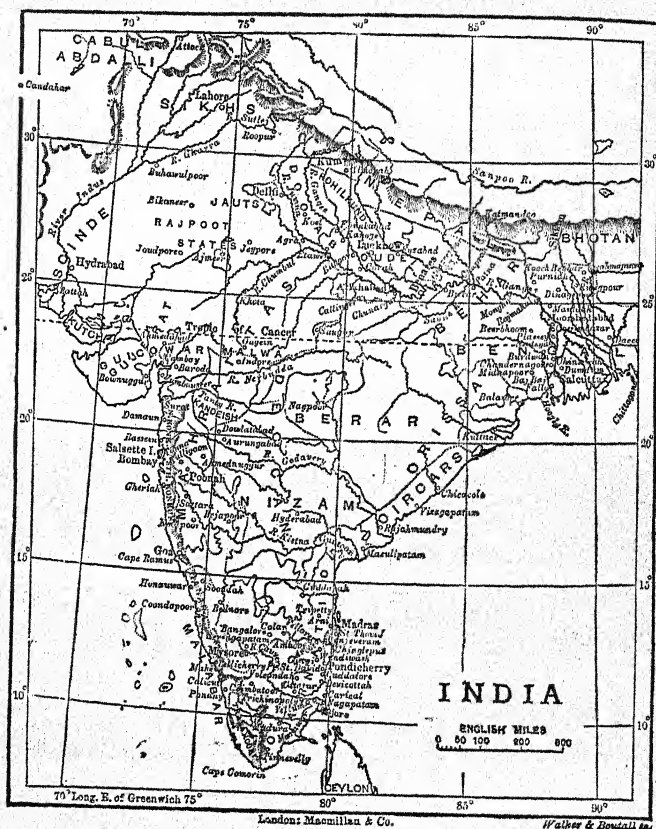
His verse is chiefly in the form of ballads, most of which are well known, e.g. *The Lays of Ancient Rome*.

Many of his *Essays* are famous, notably those on *Hallam's Constitutional History*, on *Clive*, and on *Warren Hastings*. The last ten years of his life were devoted almost entirely to his *History of England*, the five volumes of which represent only a fragment of the task he had outlined. Each volume as it appeared had a brilliant reception, and in consideration of his eminent literary and political services Macaulay was made a peer.

Macaulay is an excellent verse-writer but not a poet. His stirring verses have rhythm and are full of vigour, but are wanting in melody, and seldom touch the feelings. As an historian he is said to be deficient in real historical spirit, so that he gives superficial accounts of policies and institutions, but does not trace them back to their original sources and show their development. He is also accused of bias. His clear, brilliant and vigorous descriptions make him a popular writer. The elements that go to make this popularity are many: he is a master of the short sentence; his skill in picturesque handling of his subject, his wealth of illustration, his power of grouping and marshalling his facts, his vivacity and virility of style, combined with simplicity of language and form are some of the chief factors.]

[HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY.

1. Trevelyan, *Life of Macaulay*.
2. *Essay on Warren Hastings*, Macaulay, Macmillan's "Secondary School" Series. 1s. 3d.
3. *Warren Hastings*, by Trotter. Every Man's Library. 1s.
4. *Warren Hastings*, by Lyall, "Men of Action" Series. 2s. 6d.]



THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Warren Hastings rose by sheer ability and merit from the position of an obscure clerk in the East India Company to be the first Governor-General of India. The bold and often unscrupulous measures he adopted to maintain the British supremacy alarmed British statesmen as to the morality of his policy, and he was recalled to meet the famous impeachment moved by

Burke in 1786. Two years later the trial began. It lasted eight years and ended in the acquittal of Hastings.

Impeachment is the name given to a judicial process by which a man is tried before the House of Lords at the instance of the House of Commons. The Commons are the prosecutors, and the Lords combine in their own persons the functions of judge and jury. [The impeachment is first moved in the House of Commons, and if a majority of the members vote for the proposal, the mover is empowered to go to the bar of the House of Lords and there impeach the offender. A Committee of the Commons draws up the articles of impeachment, and certain managers conduct the case on behalf of the Commons, while the accused may defend himself by counsel. A simple majority of the Lords acquits or condemns the defendant on each charge.]

P. 64, l. 3. [*The sittings of the court.* The court sat 35 days in 1788, 17 in '89, 14 in '90, 5 in '91, 22 in '92, 22 in '93, and 3 in '94.]

7. *Westminster Hall.* Built by William II. in 1097-9, and used for the law courts from 1227 to 1884.

P. 65, l. 1. *Backward*—i.e. to previous impeachments. The first instance of impeachment appears to be that of Lord Latimer and Richard Lyons in 1376, and the procedure in such trials gradually became settled.

10. *Benares.* A town on the Ganges. (See map.)

11. *Oude* or *Oudh.* A former kingdom.

[By the Treaty of Benares, made between Hastings and the Vizier of Oude (1773), it was agreed that Hastings should lend the Vizier a British force to be used against the Rohillas, and that the Vizier should give a donation of forty lacs of rupees (£400,000) and a monthly payment of two lacs of rupees for the services of the troops. (A lac is one hundred thousand, or any great number. A rupee was then equal to two shillings.) In 1780 the increasing demands of Hastings brought about a revolt in Benares, and the Rajah of Benares was made a pensioner of the Company; the treasures of the previous Rajah (Cheyte Sing), amounting to about a quarter of a million sterling, were seized, and an addition of two hundred thousand pounds a year was made to the revenues of the Company.

Hastings then turned his attention to Oude, which was ruled by "one of the weakest and most vicious even

of Eastern princes." He joined with Hastings in robbing his mother and grandmother (known as the Begums or Princesses of Oude), who were stripped of their treasures and domains. The Princesses were confined to their own apartments, and their servants tortured to force them to reveal the hiding-place of the treasure, supposed to amount to nearly three millions sterling. After extorting from the Princesses twelve hundred thousand pounds they were set at liberty.]

- P. 65, l. 16. *Bacon*. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, the famous philosopher, writer and statesman, who lived 1561-1626. In 1621 he was impeached for corruption under twenty-three counts, and found guilty.

Somers (1649-1746), framer of the Declaration of Right and Minister of William III., was impeached in 1701 for his share in the Partition Treaties, but the Commons declined to appear before the Whig majority of the Lords, who thereupon acquitted him.

17. *Strafford*, Earl of (1593-1641). The chief minister of Charles I. after the fall of Buckingham. He was impeached by the Commons under the leadership of Pym in 1641, but, this process being considered too slow, a bill of attainder was passed, and he was executed.
19. *Charles I.* Tried before a special court in 1648 and sentenced to execution.

Robed in gold and ermine. Wearing their coronets and their robes of ermine fur.

25. *Garter King-at-arms*. The chief of the College of Heralds, which is presided over by the Earl Marshal. This office belongs by hereditary right to the Duke of Norfolk (p. 66, l. 2) since the time of Edward I. The Garter is the highest English order of knighthood.
- 27, 28. [*Near a hundred and seventy lords*. Contrast this with the number present when judgment was delivered. "Of about 160 nobles who had walked in the procession on the first day, sixty had been laid in their family vaults. . . . Only twenty-nine peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On other charges the majority in his favour was still greater. On some, he was unanimously absolved."—Macaulay.
33. *Defence of Gibraltar*. Gibraltar was besieged by France and Spain from 1779-1782.
- P. 66, l. 4. *Prince of Wales*. Afterwards King George IV.

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17. *Siddons*. Mrs. Siddons, the famous tragic actress. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her portrait in the character of the tragic muse.
20. *The historian of the Roman Empire*. Edward Gibbon, author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.
21. *Cicero*. The famous Roman orator who was executed in B.C. 43.
22. *Verres*. An infamous Roman governor of Sicily, at whose trial Cicero delivered a famous oration in 70 B.C. Verres had, while Governor of Sicily, committed many acts of cruelty and extortion.
- 23, 24. *Tacitus... Africa*. Tacitus the Roman historian and the younger Pliny were appointed by the Senate to conduct the prosecution of Marius, proconsul (Governor) of Africa, in 99 A.D.
25. *The greatest painter*. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great portrait painter (1723-1792).
The greatest scholar. Samuel Parr, an eminent classical scholar and critic, whose written works were, however, of temporary interest only (1746-1825).
- P. 67, l. 2. *Charms of her*, etc. Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, a Roman Catholic lady with whom George IV., when Prince of Wales, secretly went through the ceremony of marriage in 1787. The marriage, as contracted without the royal consent, was illegal by the Royal Marriage Act.
5. *The Saint Cecilia*. Mrs. Sheridan (Miss Linley) was painted in the character of St. Cecilia by Sir Joshua Reynolds. According to the legend, St. Cecilia, a Roman maiden and martyr of the third century A.D., was the inventress of a musical instrument, and she was regarded as the patroness of church music and the 'inventress' of the organ.
7. *That brilliant society... Mrs. Montague*. Mrs. Montague, a noted critic and hostess of the period, founded a literary society known as the Blue Stocking Club. She wrote an "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare," which had great fame in its day (1720-1800).
11. *The Westminster election* in 1784, when Pitt, aided by the influence of the Court and of the Government, tried unsuccessfully to prevent the return of Fox.
13. *Georgiana*. The beautiful *Duchess of Devonshire* and her friends were most successful canvassers for votes in the election, the Duchess gaining, it is said, the vote of an

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obstinate butcher by allowing him to kiss her. Maucaulay hints that other votes were gained by this form of bribery.

P. 67, l. 32. *Proconsul*. A governor of, or military commander in, a Roman province.

P. 68, l. 5. *King's Bench*. Formerly the highest court of common law in England, so called because the king formerly used to sit there in person.

8. *Defence of Lord Melville*, impeached in 1806 for embezzlement when Treasurer of the Navy.

10. *Master of the Rolls*. An officer who has charge of the rolls (i.e. official documents) and patents that pass the great seal, and the records (originally rolls of parchment) of the Court of Chancery.

19. *Bag*, or bag wig. A sort of silken pouch for holding the back hair of a wig, and worn by way of ornament.

31, 32. *Demosthenes and Hyperides*. Two famous Athenian orators who, like Sheridan and Fox, were personal friends and opposed to a certain line of foreign policy, in the case of the Athenians that of Macedon against which Demosthenes spoke his Philippics.

32. *Burke*. This famous orator was known as "the dinner bell of the House," because the members left the chamber as soon as he rose to speak.

Goldsmith in the poem *Retaliation* thus describes him :

"Who too deep for his hearers still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining."

P. 69, l. 8. *Windham*. A Whig statesman of the period, the constant friend and partizan of Burke. He was Secretary for War from 1794 to 1801.

26. *Earl Grey* (1764-1845) is best remembered as being Prime Minister when the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed.

32. *Cowper, the poet*. Author of *The Task*, *John Gilpin*, etc.

P. 70, l. 10. *The Company*. The East India Company.

10, 11. *English Presidencies*. The three great divisions of British India—the Madras, Bengal and Bombay Presidencies—each of which used to be governed by a Council, of which the governor was president.

14. *Arraign*. Call to account, accuse.

18. *Chancellor*. The President of the Court, Edward, Lord Thurlow, of whom it is written, "an age of comparative freedom and refinement has rarely exhibited one who so ill understood, or at least so ill discharged, the functions of a statesman and legislator." (1732-1806.) He was a great admirer of Hastings.
28. *Irish oak*. In the reign of Richard II. Westminster Hall was largely rebuilt. Irish oak, "in which spiders cannot live," was used for the beams of the roof.

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH.

[After the rebellion of 1715 many of the followers of the Pretender were exiled, and some preferred a voluntary exile to returning to their native land.

"The lacquey gave him to understand that they were his own countrymen, exiled from their native homes, in consequence of their adherence to an unfortunate and ruined cause; and that they were gone to the seaside, according to their daily practice, in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion which they must never more approach." —Smollett, *Peregrine Pickle*, Chapter 36.

The poem was written on the centenary of the '45 rebellion.]

4. *One dear hope*. Of having a home in his native land.
7. *Laverna*. La Verna, the ancient Mount Alvernus, is a summit of the Appenines in Italy.
- Scargill*. On the Greta, a tributary of the Tees (l. 8).
8. *Arno*. A river in Italy on which the city of Florence stands.
- Tees*. A river in the north of England.

The same subject is treated more fully by Swinburne in his poem *A Jacobite's Exile*.

RUDYARD KIPLING (1864—Still living).

[LIKE Thackeray, Kipling was born in India and was sent when a young boy to England to be educated. He attended The United Services College in Devonshire, and, later, he probably drew partly on his experiences there for the picture of school life he has given in *Stalky & Co*. At the age of sixteen he

returned to India and engaged in journalistic work. His first publications there were *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Departmental Ditties*. The fame of his verses and short stories reached Europe, and he returned to England in 1891. He has travelled extensively, and for some time he lived in America. His visit to Australia is referred to in the poem, *The Native Born*.

Kipling's stories are known wherever the English language is spoken, and of living writers he is probably the most widely read. The rough classification of his many tales will serve to indicate his wide range of subject matter :

1. Soldier Stories, e.g. *Soldiers Three*.
2. Native Indian Stories, e.g. *The Jungle Books*.
3. The English in India, e.g. *Plain Tales from the Hills*.
4. Ghost Stories, e.g. *The Lost Legion*.
5. Children's Stories, e.g. *Just So Stories*.
6. Sea Stories, e.g. *Captains Courageous*.
7. Travel, e.g. *From Sea to Sea*.
8. Miscellaneous Topics, e.g. *Many Inventions*, *Stalky & Co.*, etc.

Of his prose writings it may be asserted with truth that there is an absence of style, of balance, of rhythm and of majesty ; that he fails in the structure of the paragraph, and that sometimes he uses the short sentence to excess ; but his unconventionality does not prevent him from being a great artist in the telling of tales. Though often brutally frank, and often boisterous, he is always forceful and original, and never dull. He is a master in handling the intricacies of plot, in the use of narrative, description and dialogue ; and his stories are marked by realism, surprises and contrasts. Crowning all are the width and variety of his experience, his fertility of imagination and wonderful vocabulary.

His poetry is not so varied, and opinions regarding it are sharply divided. To many he appeals as no other writer has ever done, and his expression of the thought of his time has made him known as "the Laureate of the Empire." Others, again, he offends. "In Mr. Kipling the banjo has found its Apollo. Of serious poetry he has written only twelve non-dialect lines," one very severe critic has written. Other critics as extreme in their praise might also be cited. His journalistic ballads are household words, and he has touched many very coarse materials to fine issues. So much of his verse is written in dialect that, as a poet, he will probably stand or fall with the opinion held as to the use of this in poetry. His *Barrack Room Ballads* are written chiefly in the speech of Tommy Atkins, but the use of dialect does not occur to the same extent in the later poems, such as those published under the title, *The Seven Seas*. Omitting the ballads in dialect, Kipling reaches his highest in

such poems as, *The English Flag*, *The Ballad of East and West*, *The Rhyme of the Three Captains*, and the *Recessional*. On a subject such as *The Flag of England* Kipling inspires the reader with his own great Imperialism. Even a careless student of this great poem can hardly fail to be struck by its many beauties of simile and metaphor, of rhyme and rhythm.]

[For further reading, *The Kipling Reader*. Macmillan & Co. 1s. 9d.]

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

"You, you, if you shall fail to understand
What England is, and what her all-in-all,
On you will come the curse of all the land,
Should this old England fall
Which Nelson left so great."
Tennyson, *The Fleet*.

3. *Street-bred people*. Of London and of the large cities in England.
5. *Clout*. A patch or rag.
9. *Bergen*. A large fishing town on the west coast of Norway.
Steel-shod vanguards. The icy blast.
10. *Disko*. An island west of Greenland.
Floe. A low, flat mass of floating ice.
11. *North Lights*. The *Aurora Borealis*.
12. *Liner*. A ship of the line, either of passenger steamers or of battle-ships.
Dogger. The large sand-bank in the centre of the North Sea.
13. *Barred... iron*. Ice-bound regions of the North.
Shuttered... flame. The *Aurora Borealis*.
I took the sun. Reference to the long Arctic night.
18. *Musk-ox*. This large shaggy-coated ox is covered with fine, yellow wool and long, dark hair, and is now found only in the Arctic regions of North America.
21. *The Virgins*. A group of islands in the West Indies.
25. *Keys*. Low islands near the coast, as in the West Indies.
26. *Scud*. A loose vapoury cloud being driven along by the wind.
29. *Halliard*. The tackle for hoisting and lowering the sails.
30. *Wisp*. The flag torn to ribbons is like a wisp or small bundle of straw fluttering in the wind.

31. *Horn*. The most southerly point of an island just off the south coast of South America.
32. *Lizard*. The most southerly cape of England, on the south coast of Cornwall.
37. *Kuriles*. A chain of islands stretching from Japan to Kamchatka.
39. *Praya*. Sea face. The praya at Hong Kong is several miles long.

Kowloon. A port in China opposite to Hong Kong.

42. *Singapore*. An island and city near the south coast of the Malay Peninsula.
43. *Hoogli*. The western mouth of the Ganges. Calcutta is situated on it.
50. *Winds*. Scents.
54. *Wheat and Cattle*. From America.

61. The whole stanza means broadly that ships crossing the Atlantic to England are exposed to the dangers of shipwreck and collision in calm, foggy weather, or in storm, by day and night, but no matter how high the wind or rough the sea the English flag leads the way.

Calm. The meaning of the whole passage is not very clear. This word seems to indicate a ship becalmed and fog-bound going on the rocks. If this is so, there is an inversion (chiasmus).

Wrack-wreath. Pieces of cloud whirled along by the wind.

in calm or wrack-wreath

I heave them whole, etc. or rip their plates away.

62. *Conger*. The conger eel.
66. *A fellow star*. A strikingly apt description of the star-like appearance of the Union Jack.

THE YOUNG QUEEN.

The poem is taken from the volume entitled *The Five Nations*. The first stanza refers to the part taken by the Australian contingents in the Boer War.

5. *Hall of our Thousand Years* Westminster.

15. Another reference to the South African War.
18. *Northland*. The northern coasts of Australia.
19. *Levin-hearted*. The lights in the opal: *levin* is an old word meaning 'lightning.'

WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

Primer, pp. 177-179, and 195-197.

[STRICTLY considered, Scott does not belong to the Victorian period, unless that period is taken to include the whole of the nineteenth century. He preferred the pursuit of literature to that of law, and it is as a poet and novelist that he is now best remembered. He was the first successful writer of the historical romance, and of the long list of historical novels which he has left, *Waverley*, which appeared in 1814, was the first. *Ivanhoe* was published a few years later, and soon after his two greatest novels were published—*Kenilworth*, which gives a picture of Elizabethan days, and *Quentin Durward*, which is a fine study of Louis XI. of France. It is scarcely an exaggeration to affirm that Scott is the greatest English novelist. He portrays all classes of society, and in many of his novels he has succeeded in reproducing the life and events of past years with marvellous historical fidelity.

As a writer of verse in "the light horseman stanza" Scott is also famous. *Marmion*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and *The Lady of the Lake*, remain as some of the most popular poems of youth. With the success of his novels Scott abandoned the writing of these poems of romance.

The story of Scott's life is as inspiring as any romance. On account of the financial failure of publishing houses with which he was in partnership, Scott incurred liabilities amounting to nearly £150,000. He courageously refused to offer his creditors any composition, or to accept from them any discharge, but devoted the whole labour of his subsequent life to the payment of the debt. At the time of his death the debt was almost extinguished, and the final payment was made by his executors.]

[BOOKS FOR REFERENCE.

1. Selections from Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, edited by A. Barter, Bell's English Texts. 1s.
2. *Ivanhoe*. Any edition; e.g. Every Man's Library. 1s.]

IVANHOE.

The Story.—[Wilfred, son of Cedric the Saxon, loves his father's ward, Rowena, who, being descended from Alfred the Great has, in the eyes of the Saxons, some claim to the English throne. His father, however, designs for her a marriage with his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a descendant of Edward the Confessor, and he hopes by this marriage to bring about a rising of the Saxons against the Normans. Wilfred is disinherited by his father, and goes on the Crusade with Richard Cœur de Lion, who gives him the manor of Ivanhoe.]

Returning to England, Wilfred, disguised as a palmer, visits his father's house. On the way he meets the Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom he had defeated in tourney in Palestine, and the Prior of Jorvaulx, enquiring their way to his father's house, where they wish to seek shelter for the night; Wilfred resolves to attend the great Passage-at-Arms to be held at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, to try conclusions again with the Templar. He saves the Jew Isaac from being carried off by the Templar's servants to torture and spoliation at the castle of the Norman Front-de-Bœuf, and so all the characters arrive safely at the great Tournament, which is described in the selection. For further details the complete story should be read.]

The following characters are mentioned :

The disinherited knight. Wilfred, son of Cedric the Saxon, recently returned from the Crusade.

Brian de Bois-Guilbert. One of the Knights Templars, in love with Rebecca, daughter of Isaac the Jew. Of him Cedric says : "That name has been spread wide both for good and evil. They say he is valiant as the bravest of his order, but stained with their usual vices, pride, arrogance, cruelty and voluptuousness ; a hard-hearted man who knows neither fear of earth, nor awe of heaven." In the story these qualities are portrayed at length.

Malvoisin. Philip de Malvoisin, a Norman, whose castle and lands are situated near those of Cedric. He is a supporter of bandits and outlaws.

Front-de-Bœuf. Another Norman neighbour of Cedric. After the tournament Cedric's party are captured and carried off to his castle of Torquilstone, which is besieged. He captures Isaac, and tries by torture to squeeze a large ransom from him.

De Bracy. The leader of Prince John's Band of Free Companions or Mercenaries. Aids in the capture of Cedric's party, and endeavours to persuade Rowena to marry him.

Grantmesnil. Another Norman baron of the vicinity.

Knight of St. John. "Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions near Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

Cedric the Saxon, and Athelstane. See introductory note.

Wamba. Jester to Cedric.

P. 79, l. 7. *Burgesses and yeomen.* Citizens and freeholders, or farmers.

13. *Largesse.* An appeal to the bounty of the spectators.

17. *Secretaries.* Literally keepers of secrets—confidential clerks. Part of the business of the heralds was to decide on delicate points of honour, and to decide the laws that should regulate the behaviour of knights and gentlemen. They kept records of titles, etc., to prevent impostors from being accepted into the ranks of knighthood.

P. 80, l. 6. *Cap-a-pie.* From head to foot.

22. *Wardour Manuscript.* Throughout the story Scott maintains the pretence that he derived the story from the *Wardour Manuscript*. He invented the name from Wardour Street in London, a place noted for shops of antiquities.

30. *Escutcheons.* The surface, usually of a shield, on which armorial bearings (emblems) are displayed.

P. 81, l. 22. *Reverse of his lance.* In p. 86, l. 15, is described the signal for a challenge to mortal combat.

P. 83, l. 30. *Strangers and foreigners.* Even till after this period the Normans were thus regarded by the Saxons.

P. 84, l. 17. *Mêlée.* A general combat, as distinguished from one in which the knights engaged in single combat.

P. 85, l. 1. *Sensible.* Which would be felt.

20. *Saracenic music.* The "wild barbaric music" of Eastern origin previously mentioned. This was made by the Mahomedan followers of Bois-Guilbert.

31. *Steel inlaid with gold.* An anachronism. This ornamental armour belonged to a later age.

P. 86, l. 9. *The Hospitaller.* The Knights Hospitallers were an order of fighting monks somewhat similar to the Knights Templars. They derived their name from the fact that originally they were pious men who nursed sick pilgrims in the Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem. At first they had no concern with military matters, but later they rivalled the Templars in all respects.

P. 86, l. 22. *Confessed yourself*. Acknowledged your sins to a priest in order to receive absolution, as a man of that time would naturally do preparatory to an encounter in which he risked death.

The Templars. The Knights Templars were a religious and military order just established at Jerusalem in the early part of the twelfth century for the protection of pilgrims and of the Holy Sepulchre. They were so called because they occupied an apartment in Jerusalem near the Temple. At first the members were bound by vows of chastity and poverty, but the extravagance and vices of later Templars finally led to their suppression.

30, 31. *This night . . . paradise*. *St. Luke* xxiii. 43.

32. *Gramercy* (Fr. *grand-merci*). Many thanks.

P. 87, l. 29. *Gare le Corbeau* (French). Beware of the raven. A hint that his adversary's body would be devoured by ravens after the encounter.

P. 88, l. 14. *Bars of their visors*. The visor was that part of the helm arranged to lift or open, and so show the face. This was sometimes covered with bars through which the knight could breathe freely.

15. *Demi-volte*, literally a half vault. The name given to the motion of a horse going sideways round a centre.

P. 90, l. 8. *Beaver*. The mouth-piece or lower part of the visor.

20. *Cave, adsum* (Latin). "Beware, I am here."

27. *Casque*. Helmet.

P. 91, l. 10. *Address*. Skill, here, in horsemanship.

W. E. HENLEY (1849-1903).

Primer, p. 214.

[HENLEY collaborated with Robert Louis Stevenson in writing dramas. He was a successful critic and journalist. His works include the compilations—*Lyra Heroica*, an anthology of poetry for boys, and a *Dictionary of Slang*. His poems are unequal in quality, and some of them are among the most musical in the language. The best of his poetry may be found in the two volumes entitled *Poems* and *Hawthorn and Lavender* respectively. His *Life of Burns* is the most widely known of his critical

works ; in this the famous Scotch poet is portrayed as a "lewd peasant of genius."]

[AID TO FURTHER STUDY.

Poems, published by D. Nutt.]

OVER THE HILLS.

4. *The voice of strange command.* The call of ambition.
8. *Over the hills and far away.* The words are from an old song. See Gay, *Beggar's Opera*, i. i.

WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU.

The opening line of this stirring patriotic lyric gives the touch of personal responsibility.

5. *Austere.* Severely simple.
14. *Agen.* Phonetically for 'again.'
16. *One to ten.* Individually or in numbers as the occasion demands.
19. *The faith.* Belief that our best is the least each of us should offer to our country. See also ll. 21-27.
40. *The Pit.* Hades.
48. *The Word—i.e.* of God.

LAST POST.

The scene described is the burial of British soldiers who have fallen in battle.

16. *Her sacrificial dead.* Those who have sacrificed their lives for England.
24. *Eagle it.* Float (as an eagle).

THACKERAY (1811-1863).

Primer, pp. 215-216.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born in India, and at the age of seven was sent to England to be educated at the Charterhouse school. In his earlier works he refers to his

school as the Slaughterhouse, and in his later as Smiffle, Smithfield or Grey Friars. After spending some time at the University of Cambridge he travelled in Europe. He soon lost all his inheritance—about £20,000—and then attempted to make his living, first as an artist, and then as a journalist. In the latter capacity he contributed to many London journals, notably to *Punch*, in which his *Snob Papers* first appeared.

The issue in monthly parts of *Vanity Fair*, in 1847, made him famous, and his renown was further increased by the publication of *Pendennis*, a novel which contains much of his autobiography. He now rivalled Dickens in popular favour, and the wonderful picture of London life given in *The Newcomes* caused him to be regarded as the greatest novelist of his day. This was followed by *Esmond*, a story dealing with the reign of Queen Anne, and in some respects the finest historical novel ever written. There is a sequel to this story, *The Virginians*, the scene of which is laid in America. Besides writing, Thackeray delivered series of public lectures, of which the two series entitled *English Humourists in the Eighteenth Century* and *The Four Georges* are the most widely read.

Thackeray is the novelist of character rather than of incident, and in this respect he presents a striking contrast to the romanticism of Scott and the melodrama of Dickens. In charm of style he is superior to both these writers. His books are full of scorn for meanness and insincerity. He is a brilliant satirist, but not either a caricaturist or a cynic.]

[AIDS TO FURTHER STUDY.]

1. *Thackeray*, by Anthony Trollope, "English Men of Letters" Series. 1s.
2. Thackeray's novels.]

FROM "THE NEWCOMES." CHAPTER I.

- P. 95, l. 1. *The pit*. The "pit" of the theatre where "the stalls" are now placed.
6. *Welsh rabbit*. The word is probably a corruption of *Welsh rare bit*. It is a dish of which the chief constituents are toasted bread and toasted cheese prepared in various ways.
- P. 96, l. 1. *Cave of Harmony*. A tavern of the time. A popular resort "to end the frolic evening by partaking of supper and a song" there, after going to the theatre.
9. *Call dinner*. The dinner given in honour of being admitted to the practice of his profession or calling.

12. *Acheron*. According to the belief current among the Greeks, Acheron was one of the five rivers of the lower world or Hades where the dead had their abode.
13. *Avernus*. A lake in Italy represented by poets as connected with the lower world.
14. *Goes*. Glasses ; a slang word now almost obsolete.
Chough and Crow. A Gipsy glee by Joanna Baillie, of which the first line is "Uprouse ye then, my merry men."
- 15, 16. *The Red-Cross Knight* and *The Bloom is on the Rye*. Ballads which were in vogue at that time. The latter is more commonly known under the title "My Pretty Jane."
19. *Bumper*. A corruption of *bumbard*, *bombard*, a large drinking vessel. It means a glass filled to the brim for drinking a health or toast.
33. *Me*. The writer of the story, pretended to be Arthur Pendennis—the hero of one of Thackeray's novels.
- P. 97, l. 11. *Mr. Sheridan* (1751–1816). Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the well-known author of *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, etc.
12. *Captain Morris*. A popular song-writer and wit of the time. He was a boon companion of all the wits and beaux of the town, and because of his brilliant conversation was known as the "Sun of the Table" [1745–1838].
Colonel Hanger. An eccentric person well known in fashionable circles of the time, and author of many works now forgotten. He inherited a barony, but refused the title.
Professor Porson (1759–1808). A learned professor who issued many famous editions of Greek writers. Celebrity and eccentricity combined to make him the subject of countless stories. He was a delightful and witty conversationalist.
14. *Smithfield* or *Smiffle* is the name humorously given to Grey Friars School by the boys, from the proximity of the school to the sheep and cattle market at Smithfield. "Old Cistercians often playfully designate their place of education by the name of the neighbouring market."
—Thackeray.
27. *Improvvisatore* or *improvisatore* [pronounce ɛm'-prov-və'-za-tō'-ra]. One who composes and sings or recites rhymes and short poems extemporaneously.
32. *Ribaldry*. Vulgarity, generally in a stronger sense than here.

- P. 98, l. 1. *Mr. Bellew*. A singer and elocutionist of the time.
6. *Don Ferolo Whiskerandos*. The lover's name in the train of the Spanish ambassador in the play *The Spanish Armada* written by Puff and ridiculed in *The Critic*.
16. *Cheroot*. A kind of cigar, originally brought from Manilla in the Philippine Islands.
24. *Corpus*—i.e. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
25. *Pulling...bow*. The equivalent of the modern slang, "Coming it very strong," or "violently pulling his leg."
- P. 99, l. 1. *Greenhorn*. An inexperienced person easily imposed upon.
15. *Glee*. An unaccompanied part-song for three or more solo voices.
17. *Squallinis*. Mythical singers of the period.
22. *Oratorio*. "A more or less dramatic text or poem, founded on some Scripture narrative, or great divine event, elaborately set to music, in recitative, arias, grand choruses, etc., to be sung with an orchestral accompaniment, but without action, scenery or costume."—Webster.
23. *Incedon*. A celebrated vocalist who died in 1826.
25. *Brandy-pawnee*=brandy and water. Pawnee is Hind. *pānī*, water. An East Indian camp word.
- 28-31. *The Derby Ram* and *The Old English Gentleman*. Two songs with choruses.
- P. 100, l. 7. *Pat*. Suitable, timely.
11. *Bis* (Latin). Twice.
23. *We wout go home...appear*. This song has survived to this day.
- P. 101, l. 18. *Major Pendennis*. One of the chief characters in Thackeray's novel, *Pendennis*.
20. *Wapping Old Stairs*. A song by John Percy, a composer who lived in the reign of George III.
24. *Flourishes and roulades*. A *flourish* is a decorative variation of the tune; a *roulade* is a smoothly running passage of short notes sung on one long syllable.
- P. 102, l. 6. *Dr. Primrose*. The vicar in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. His literary vanity and other weaknesses endear him to the reader almost as much as his noble fortitude and resignation amid the troubles that fall on his household.
7. *Naïveté*. Native simplicity.

9. *Amidst the tuneful choir.* A reminiscence of Dryden's ode.
Alexander's Feast :

"Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre."

20. *Take him for all in all,* etc. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act i.
Scene ii. Hamlet thus refers to his murdered father :

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

NEWBOLT.

[HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT, barrister and author, was born in England in 1862, and is still living. He was educated at Clifton College, a school famous for the education of boys looking forward to a career in the army. Newbolt has added to the fame of his old school by his expression in stirring verse of the true school spirit. He is *facile princeps* among school poets. The selection *Clifton Chapel* is but one of several of his famous school poems. Some of the others are : *Vita's Lampada*, *Ionicus*, *The Best School of All*, *The School at War*, *The Echo*, *The Schoolfellow*, and *Commemoration*. He has become yet more famous through his ballads on the naval and military glories of England. It is difficult to select what may be considered the best of these. *Admirals All*, *The Fighting Temeraire*, *Drake's Drum*, *The Sailing of the Long-Ships*, are perhaps the best known of the former, and *Seringapatam Gillespie*, *The Gay Gordons*, and *He fell among Thieves*, of the latter.]

[AIDS TO FURTHER STUDY.

Collected Poems of Henry Newbolt, published in Nelson's Shilling Series. Every student should read these.]

CRAVEN.

[During the American Civil War the national government ordered the admiral to reduce the forts at the entrance to the harbour of Mobile, an important town on the mouth of the Alabama River, on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. The two passages leading into the harbour were strongly fortified by

means of forts, and obstructed by piles and sunken torpedoes, but the line of clear passage used by ships running the blockade was known to the captains of the attacking ships. Captain Craven's ship fired the first shot at the enemy, and in his eagerness to attack he entered water where he knew the torpedoes were sunk. His ship exploded one, and sank in a few seconds, carrying with her the captain and most of the crew. In all 113 men were drowned. As the ship was sinking, the captain and his pilot met at the foot of the ladder that afforded the only means of escape, and the pilot stepped aside for his superior officer. "After you, pilot," said Craven, drawing back. At that moment the ship was going down, so that Craven missed his chance of escape. The pilot was saved.]

2. *Conning*. 'Con' is a nautical term meaning to superintend the steering of a vessel; to watch her progress and direct the helmsman below how to steer.
4. The forts were almost silenced and the time had now come for the ships to enter the harbour to attack the enemy's fleet sheltering there.
6. *A hundred deaths*. The piles and sunken torpedoes (see introductory note).
9. The moment was critical. One ship had begun to retreat, and it blocked the others, with the result that there was a grave danger that the whole fleet would be crowded together right under the guns of the two forts.

The monitor. Craven's ship the 'Tecumseh.' A monitor is an ironclad which lies very low in the water and carries one or more heavily plated revolving turrets with large guns.

29. *Sidney*. At the battle of Zutphen (1586) Sidney was wounded in the thigh by a bullet. He managed to keep his saddle till he reached the camp, a mile and a half distant. There, parched with thirst, he called for drink. A bottle of water was brought to him, but as he was placing it to his lips he noticed a grievously wounded foot-soldier with his eyes fixed greedily on the bottle. Sidney at once handed it to the dying man, with the famous words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."
30. *Nelson*. At the Battle of the Nile (1798) Nelson was severely wounded on the head. "When he was carried down, the surgeon... with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands.

that he might instantly attend the admiral. 'No,' said Nelson, 'I will take my turn with my brave fellows.' Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to."—*Southey's Life of Nelson*. At the time Nelson fully believed that his wound was mortal, and that he was about to die.

31. *Lucas*. During the siege of Arcot (1780) by Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo Sahib, Captain Baird's detachment was cut to pieces, and many of the officers and men were captured. Hyder Ali treated the captives with Oriental barbarity, and ordered that they should be heavily ironed. Captain Baird was grievously wounded, and Captain Lucas volunteered to bear two sets of irons, and thus saved Baird's life. The captive officers suffered terrible agony for nearly four years before the survivors were released. Baird afterwards stormed Seringapatam.

A fuller reference to the incident will be found in Newbolt's poem *Seringapatam*, and the note thereon.

32. *Outram*. The famous military officer who, though superior in command, left to Havelock the glory of the relief of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. He accompanied Havelock only in his civil capacity as Commissioner, and placed his military services at Havelock's disposal as a volunteer.

33. *Paladins*. The paladins were the twelve peers or champions of Charlemagne, Emperor of the Romans (800); hence a paladin is a great hero; a noble champion; the type of a chivalrous gentleman.

CLIFTON CHAPEL.

The poem expresses the thoughts of an "old boy" who has just enrolled his son as a pupil of the school at which he himself was educated. While showing his son over the school, they reach the school chapel, which they enter, and the father then expresses the school ideal to his son.

[The following is taken from the note on this poem in *The Island Race* :

"Clifton Chapel is one of the schools from which the largest number of boys pass direct into the R.M.A., Woolwich, and the R.M.C., Sandhurst" (the two chief military colleges for the training of British military officers). "Thirty-five old Cliftonian officers in the campaign of 1897 on the Indian Frontier, of whom

twenty-two were mentioned in despatches and six recommended for the Distinguished Service Order" . . .

Clifton, remember thy sons who fell
Fighting far over the sea ;
For they in a dark hour remembered well
Their warfare, learned of thee.]

22. *The great fellowship.* Of pupils past, present, and to come, who will be animated with a common ideal.
- 29-32. The Latin words mean "(In memory of him) who far from here met an untimely death, but died a soldier and for his country."

EDWARD THRING (1821-1887).

[EDWARD THRING became headmaster of Uppingham in 1853, which school he practically rebuilt, and made it one of the most famous boarding schools of England. The following stories of the boy illustrate the character of the man : "If you want to tell lies, tell them yourself," he retorted to one who wished him to give an inaccurate account of what had happened. At Eton his nickname, "Die-First," was given to him because of his obstinate bravery in fighting for what he thought was a just cause. One of his most remarkable feats was when an outbreak of typhoid fever occurred at the school, and threatened to ruin it. For days it "rained" telegrams from anxious parents. Thring pluckily saved the school by transplanting it, boys and masters, to the number of nearly four hundred, to a small town on the Welsh coast, about two hundred miles away, and such was his success that the school lost nothing in numbers by this great adventure during the year it remained there. He was a born teacher, a forcible preacher, a writer and a poet. His book, *Education and School*, is the most widely known of his various writings. His writings are packed with epigram and illustration, and reflect his belief in the ultimate victory of truth, his fearlessness, and his powers of self-sacrifice. The selection here taken reflects the view he continually enforces that education means not cram, but character.]

FROM "EDUCATION AND SCHOOL." CHAPTER III.

Thring has been discussing what he terms "the training of the life in the mighty ten years," or the education of boys from eight to eighteen years.

- P. 110, l. 7. *Spartan fashion.* The discipline and education of the citizens of Sparta have been long famous. It was

intended to fit them to be a nation of hardy soldiers. A boy at the age of seven was taken from his mother's care, and his training was undertaken by the State. Not only was he taught gymnastic games in order that he might have a strong and vigorous body, but he was also subjected to severe tests, and to endure hunger and thirst, heat and cold, and was forced to submit to many hardships and much suffering without complaining. To make them skilled hunters the youths were purposely given insufficient food in order that they might make up the deficiency by hunting. Plutarch tells the story of a boy, who, having stolen a fox and hidden it under his garment, chose to let it tear out his very bowels rather than be detected in the theft. They were encouraged to steal whatever they could, but if caught they were severely punished for their want of dexterity. Thring indicates that there are some often misapplied points of analogy between a Spartan education and boarding school life.

13. *Nice distinctions.* Fine differences.
21. *Quite the contrary.* Thring refers to the fact that boys may like a master personally, while officially they may take up a position of antagonism to him. Times have changed very much since the time when a master at Bradford commenced a harangue to his class thus: "Individually, my boys, you are gentlemen; collectively you are blackguards."
- P. 111, l. 8. *Pouring knowledge into troughs.* Cramming, i.e. stuffing the memory with facts for examination purposes.
9. *Double purposes.* For example, education is right living and a preparation for right living; not, as some imagine, merely preparation for examinations.
13. *Deal so strangely.* That is, from the boy's point of view.
15. *Main plan.* Of education throughout the school.
26. *Taproom heroes.* Public-house boasters.
- P. 114, l. 1. *The present investigation—i.e.* the present chapter from which the selection is taken.

JAMES LISTER CUTHBERTSON (1853-1910).

[J. L. CUTHBERTSON, the son of an Adelaide banker, was born in England, and educated there. After leaving Oxford he came to Australia, and in 1875 he joined the staff of the Geelong Grammar School as classical master. Having held this post for seven years he returned to Oxford, and took his degree; then he rejoined the staff, and remained at the Geelong Grammar School for upwards of ten years, when he again returned to England. Coming out to Australia some years later, he settled in Geelong, and though he never resumed the work of teaching he kept in close touch with the various boys' Public Schools of Geelong and Melbourne until his death in 1910.]

His influence with the boys, among whom he lived and worked, was very great, and this continued long after they left school. Many of his poems appeared first in the *School Quarterly*. They were published in book form, entitled *Barwon Ballads*, in 1893, and a second collection is to be published shortly.

In the poetic firmament Cuthbertson is one of the *sidera minora*. His total output is small; some of his poems appeal to a special circle of interests only, and all of his work is somewhat conventional. Occasionally he strikes a deep note, and his verse is wholesome, musical and inspiring. The selections given illustrate his close observation of nature, his loving appreciation of colour, his fine ear for the music of words, and his power of appeal to manly rivalry in sport.]

THE AUSTRALIAN SUNRISE.

1. *The Cross hung low to the sea.* Towards morning the Southern Cross, on account of the rotation of the earth, appears lower in the sky.
"The Cross swings low for the morn."—Kipling.
2. *The shadowy reaches.* Into the valleys where the arms of the sea stretch into the land the morning light had not yet penetrated.
9. *The fiery Scorpion.* A constellation containing one very bright star, which to the naked eye appears red.
12. *His crannied nest.* The nest of the kingfisher is usually at the end of a small tunnel drilled into the bank of a creek or river, or into a mound of earth attached to the base of an uprooted tree.

LORD AVEBURY.

[THE Right Honourable Lord Avebury, best remembered as Sir John Lubbock, was born in England in 1834, and is still living. At the age of fourteen years, he was a clerk in a bank, and by the age of twenty-two he became a partner. So highly was he esteemed by the members of his profession that he was elected the first President of the Institute of Bankers. His reputation as a man of science is equally great. He won Bank holidays for the people, and he has been one of the leaders of the movement in favour of shorter hours of labour, especially in shops. The great confidence that has been placed in his judgment is shewn by the number of important Commissions on which he has served; those on Education, and on the Advancement of Science and on Coinage may be mentioned.]

He is a very voluminous writer, whose works have enjoyed great popularity. *The Pleasures of Life* has had the greatest vogue, and has run through one hundred editions, and, with *The Use of Life* has been translated into nearly twenty languages. The selection taken is the introduction to one of the chapters in *The Beauties of Nature*. It illustrates the directness and simplicity of his style, and his remarkable facility in apt quotation from other writers.]

[FOR FURTHER STUDY.]

The Beauties of Nature. 6d.

The Pleasures of Life. Pocket edition, Parts I. and II. in one volume. 2s. Also 6d.

The Use of Life. 6d.]

THE SEA.

The selection is from *The Beauties of Nature*, which was first published in 1892.

The book deals with Animal Life, Plant Life, Woods and Fields, Mountains, Rivers and Lakes, The Sea, and the Starry Heavens. The selection is the introduction to a series of six essays on the sea.

P. 119, ll. 13, 14. *Improved off the face of the ocean.* Battle-ships will be so improved that the present type will disappear.

LAWSON.

[HENRY H. LAWSON, the son of a farmer and contractor, was born in New South Wales in 1867. At first he worked on his father's farm, and later he learned a trade. He became known to a wide circle of readers as a writer of verse in *The Bulletin*, and for a time he devoted himself entirely to journalistic work. His verses have been collected in volumes entitled *In the Days when the World was Wide, and other Verses*, *Verses Popular and Humorous*, and *When I was King, and other Verses*. He is also known as a writer of short stories, and has published two volumes of short stories in prose and verse. Since 1903 he has lived in Sydney.

In the infancy of our literature Lawson is held by many competent judges to be *the* Australian poet. He is the man who has shewn the finest sympathy with what is truly Australian; his verse embodies the spirit of the pioneer. He has seen and can tell in vivid prose and verse what he has seen, and his heart is with the land of his birth. In his best work his sincerity carries conviction, and the flashes of brilliancy and insight that illumine the finer passages more than compensate for the crudities which, judged by conventional standards, mar the beauty of even the best of his many good pieces.]

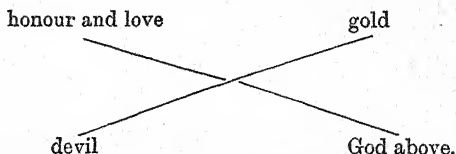
THE STAR OF AUSTRALASIA.

This poem is published in the volume entitled *In the Days when the World was Wide*. The writer anticipates the time when Australia will have undergone the baptism of war through the invasion of a hostile army. He expresses the view that this experience is necessary for the creation of a truly national spirit.

1. This line probably refers to the fact that the first Australian settlements by white men were for convicts sentenced to transportation to these shores from England.
2. A flag such as those flown by the pirates fighting in the Spanish Main were better than one born with the taint of the convict, and bred on the spoils of commerce.

3. *Grander clouds.* "The lurid clouds of war," l. 4.
9. *Kiss the rod.* Humble himself.
14. *A grand mistake.* A noble cause that is nevertheless wrong, as when the cavaliers fought for the Stuarts or the Confederate army of America against the Union. Some people regard the White Australia policy as "a grand mistake."
17. The havoc of war is a relapse from civilisation into barbarism.
19. *One home.* Their native land.
28. The reference is to Lawson's well-known poem *In the Days when the World was Wide*, i.e. in the youth of the world, as for instance in the times portrayed in Doyle's novel *The White Company*, or in Weyman's *A Gentleman of France*, or in similar books.
32. He must grip his saddle with his thighs and keep his arms down—according to the maxim for riding—"Heads and hearts up, hands and heels down, and the elbows close to the side."
- Shut his angels out.* He must not allow the memory of the faces of those dear to him to make him waver in his purpose.
33. The man who wishes to ride with a stockman scout must be prepared to face death in each undertaking.
36. *Straight and gapped* are metaphors from horse-racing. The "straight" is that part of the course leading up to the winning post. Here the horses and jockeys make the last effort to win, and the weaker ones fall behind, leaving gaps in the field. In a cavalry charge in battle the gaps are caused by the "iron and steel and lead" of the shells and bullets of the enemy.
39. The "free-lances" who, in the world's past, have followed the game of war through love of fighting.
41. *Jackeroo.* The name given to young gentlemen sent out to country stations to gain experience. Here it seems to mean a town clerk who has enlisted in the Bush Brigades. For discussion on origin and meaning of the word see Morris' *Australasian Dictionary*.

- 42, 43. These lines describe the various motives which animate men in an army. Note the inversion (chiasmus) in the second line :



45. The pride of renown and the old eternal pride of race.
49. Having failed to hold the sea-coast, the Australians will make a stand in the line of mountains which run near the east coast from Queensland to Victoria. The arsenals where the munitions of war are stored will be further to the west behind the mountain barriers. The lines may refer to the view sometimes expressed, that the store-houses for munitions of war should be removed from the coast.
50. *Rickety son of a gun.* A feeble wastrel. "Son of a gun" is a common slang epithet conveying slight contempt, but, here, rather affectionate familiarity.
52. *The field.* The battle-field, showing the distribution of the two armies, and the points of action as indicated in ll. 54-5.
53. *Work the old ground.* In imagination undergo the mining experiences of their younger days.
56. *The nights before* (the battles).
Tales of the ship and fort. In order to land the soldiers battleships of the enemy would first endeavour to silence and capture the coastal forts.
68. *The ghoulish strife.* A ghoul was an imaginary evil being, formerly supposed to exist and to feed on human bodies.
69. This line is the keynote of the whole poem.
73. *Push.* A slang term for a gang, usually applied, as in this line, to larrikins and city roughs.
Chivalry upside down. The exhibition of a virtue worthy of a better cause on which to expend itself.
 [In the back-ground of the three pictures, 'the living death,' 'the selfish town,' and 'the outlawed push,' we may see Lawson's belief in 'mateship' clearly indicated.]

The man who, for the sake of his children or relatives, elects to bury himself in the back-blocks; the business man who, for the sake of his family, strives to make money by sharp practices which, though legitimate, may cause the ruin of others; the larrikin who, though outside the pale of the law, yet will stand by his mate in trouble, all exhibit what Lawson appears to consider one of the essentials of manhood, the capacity to stand by a mate, right or wrong, in time of trouble. (The 'chivalry upside down' metaphor is very involved; this interpretation is suggestive only.)]

[AIDS TO FURTHER STUDY.

1. Lawson, *In the Days when the World was Wide*. Angus and Robertson.
2. Bertram Stevens, *Golden Treasury of Australian Verse*.]

KENDALL (1841-1882).

[HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL lived as a boy in the bush of the coast districts of New South Wales. His verses gained him a reputation as a poet when he was a young man, and he decided to devote himself to journalism. His life was a sad one, being a long struggle with poverty and a besetting weakness which, happily, he was strong enough to overcome. Before his death Sir Henry Parkes had obtained for him an appointment as Superintendent of State Forests.

The haunting music of Kendall's poetry is well illustrated in the selection *After Many Years*, and the sadness of the lines is also characteristic of much that he wrote. He is at his best in descriptions of his native forest, its untrodden gullies, and its animals, as examples of which *Bell Birds* and *The Warrigal* may be mentioned. In the sonnets introductory to *Leaves from Australian Forests*, Kendall aptly describes his own work :

"I have no faultless fruits to offer you
Who read this book; but certain syllables
Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells,
And secret hollows dear to noontide dew;
And those at least, though far between and few,
May catch the sense like subtle forest spells."

[FOR FURTHER STUDY.]

1. Kendall's *Poems*. George Robertson & Co.
2. *Golden Treasury of Australian Verse*. Edited by Bertram Stevens.]

AFTER MANY YEARS.

1. *Song*. In apposition with "perfect verses," l. 5.
3. *The rose without*. The rose outside (in the garden).
4. *Love*. In apposition with "rose," l. 3.
- [1-8. Compare Kendall's prefatory sonnet to his poems :
 "I purposed once to take my pen and write
 Not songs, like some, tormented and awry
 With passion, but a cunning harmony
 Of words and music caught from glen and height,
 And lucid colours born of woodland light,
 And shining places where the sea-streams lie.
 But this was when the heat of youth glowed white,
 And since, I've put the faded purpose by."]
20. *Cones*. Of the pine trees.
43. *Floss*. A streamlet descending a hillside in a series of small cascades.
65. *The lady of the past*. See Kendall's poem, *Rose Lorraine*.

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